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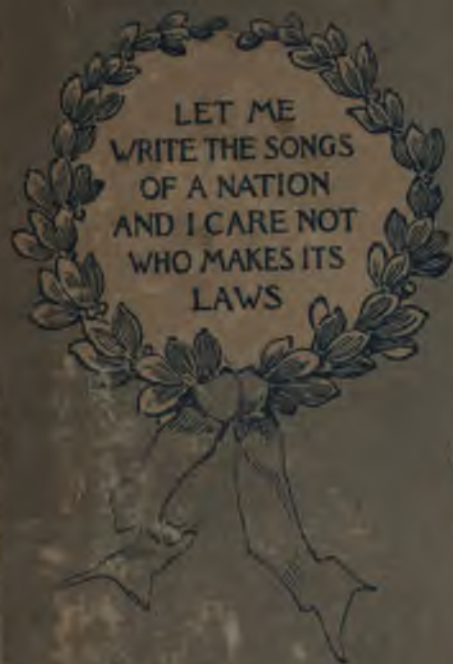
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SONGS OF THE NATION



PATRIOTIC
AND
NATIONAL
COLLEGE AND HOME
OCCASIONAL
AND
DEVOTIONAL

EDITED
BY
CHARLES W. JOHNSON

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

KF 1731

"LET ME WRITE THE SONGS OF A NATION, AND I CARE NOT WHO MAKES ITS LAWS."

SONGS OF THE NATION:

A COLLECTION OF

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL SONGS,
COLLEGE AND HOME SONGS,
OCCASIONAL AND DEVOTIONAL SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF

**Schools, Colleges, and Choruses, Teachers' Institutes,
and in the Home.**

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

CHARLES W. JOHNSON.

With an Introduction on Music in Schools

By LEONARD B. MARSHALL,

SPECIAL INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

NEW YORK . . . BOSTON . . . CHICAGO.

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PREFACE.



SONGS OF THE NATION has been prepared in response to a demand for a collection of songs inculcating patriotism, love of country, and devotion to the flag; to include also some songs of a miscellaneous character for ordinary rote-work in Teachers' Institutes, schools, colleges, choruses, and in the home. These songs are adapted to various seasons, occasions, and tastes. The greatest care has been taken in the selection of both words and music. Much of the poetry is from the facile pen of the late Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., the author of "America." In numerous cases the music has been specially composed for this work.

Among the patriotic songs of our own country will be found many new and appropriate ones. Some of the national and characteristic songs of other countries that appear here are seldom heard in this country.

A special feature of the work is a collection of songs for the seasons, and for special occasions; among these will be found a very interesting group of songs for Memorial Day,—the poems largely from Dr. Smith's writings, and the music by Leonard B. Marshall, one of the most accomplished teachers and composers of music for schools in New England. Mr. Marshall also contributes a valuable chapter on Music in Schools, full of practical suggestions and hints to teachers.

The United States is a composite nation, comprising in its citizenship the blood of many peoples. From the earliest time of our national life, we have been receiving from all parts of the world accessions of those who desired to better their condition and help build up the great Republic. These various classes have brought with them their characteristic national songs, their folk songs and ballads, which have become, by our association with them, interwoven with our own national musical literature. So our **SONGS OF THE NATION** properly includes a broad range of stirring, virile, and inspiring songs derived in part from other countries. Gathered under the same title may also

be found in this book other songs that it is hoped may appeal to all who have true melody in their hearts.

The compiler gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Mr. John W. Tufts, author of the "Normal Music Course" and "The Cecilian Series of Study and Song;" Mr. Leonard B. Marshall, of Boston; Mr. J. Harry Deems, of Baltimore; Mr. C. H. Congdon, of St. Paul; Dr. J. E. Rankin; Mr. J. P. McCaskey; Mr. C. C. Converse, the eminent song writer; Mr. William Howell Edwards, and George C. Stebbins of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Prof. Gustavus Johnson, of Minneapolis; and Prof. Alfred Sprissler, of Philadelphia.

Acknowledgments for other courtesies are also due to the Oliver Ditson Co.; the John Church Co.; Messrs. William A. Pond & Co.; Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Mr. J. P. Vance; and Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Company.

That SONGS OF THE NATION may be helpful to teachers, and an inspiration to patriotism and lofty purpose among the young of our country, is the earnest hope of

THE COMPILER.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

By LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

“UPON THAT PRIVILEGED SOIL OF GREECE, in that brilliant Athens abounding in artists, poets, historians, and philosophers, in that rude Sparta celebrated for its manly virtues, education was rather the spontaneous fruit of nature, the natural product of diverse manners, characters, and races, than the premeditated result of a reflective movement of the human will. Greece, however, had its pedagogy, because it had its legislators and its philosophers, — the first, directing education in its practical details, the second, making theoretical inquiries into the essential principles underlying the development of the human soul. In respect of education, as of everything else, the higher spiritual life of modern nations has been developed under the influence of Grecian antiquity. As gymnastics was intended to harmonize the powers of the body, so music was to order and to regulate the soul. We have abundant evidence that every Greek boy was carefully trained in the theory and practice of the musical art, and that it was regarded by masters of all schools as of the first importance to intellect and morality. Plato, Aristotle, and Aristophanes agree in this. Music was not only the gymnastic of the ear and the voice, but of the spirit, and the foundation of the higher life. Its rhythm and harmony penetrated into the soul and worked powerfully upon it. In union with poetry it led the soul to virtue and inspired it with courage.”

As the influence of Grecian and Roman civilization spread at length over the countries to the north and west, music kept pace with this advancing tide of progress. In hand with literature, oratory, sculpture, and painting, it did its part in ushering in the era of enlightenment and culture which has characterized the people of Europe all along the succeeding years.

What a pleasure and profit it has been to us of this generation to participate in the results of the achievements of the masters of the musical art: the invention and perfection of the various instruments of the modern orchestra; the organ, the piano, methods of voice-culture, the symphony, the sonata, the fugue, the oratorio, the opera, and countless compositions which have enriched the world, — among them the ballads and folk-songs of the various countries; and last, though by no means the least, the musical education of the young in the schools of all countries, and the methods and music by which this has been

accomplished! Perhaps in no way is the difference between civilized and uncivilized nations more marked than in the matter of education and training. It is this more than anything else which has established the nations of Europe and America upon such firm foundations, and which makes the people of Asia and Africa so inferior.

Seekers after Truth. To whom are we indebted for this wonderful elevation? The list of earnest seekers after truth, and for the best ways of its elucidation, is too

long for enumeration in this article. But what a radiance has been shed across the pathway of the educational worker in these times because of the experiments, observations, and deductions of such men as Pestalozzi, Froebel, Humboldt, Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Payne, Herbart, and others! So the lover of music delights in paying homage to such men as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Wagner, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, and a host of brilliant lights in the musical firmament.

The world has learned to love music. It cannot get along without it. It is the universal language of all countries and all climes. The place which it occupies among the fine arts is unique. Through it the various thoughts and feelings of one's nature may find a fitting expression. "The love of the beautiful is a part of human nature, and one of the evidences of its dignity. It should, therefore, be educated for its own sake, as elevating that nature and increasing its means of happiness."

The Relation of Music to Education. Plato said, "The purpose of education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

Another eminent writer says:—

"The aim of education is to give the individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible; the attainment of perfect manhood as the actualization of the freedom essential to mind; to unfold and direct aright our whole nature; to call forth powers of every kind. . . . Education does not create; it can only unfold or draw out. It evolves what is involved by the Creator. It may increase the efficiency of the native endowments, but it does not add to their number."

Some of the avenues by which the child obtains knowledge and power in music are: the training of the will; gaining the power to think,—by observation; by perception; by the training of certain senses; by awakening the sensibilities; by cultivating the imagination; by striving to know the language of music, its peculiar tone-colorings, its effects, its suggestions; by the employment of the memory; by comparison; by attention, accuracy, and

application; by the training of the eye through the continuous reading of music from the written signs.

The training of the will gives the child power to act, to decide. It impels him to right action. The study of music has a very salutary influence upon this will power. It gives a breadth and completeness to its action which equalizes all the volitions of the child.

The training of the senses is highly important, for the faculty of cognition is only awakened into exercise by means of objects which affect our senses. In the study of music we apprehend these sensible objects largely through the ear; the impressions received being conveyed to the brain, where mental concepts are formed.

The sensibilities bear an important part in musical training. "The heart has as good a right as the mind to a special training. The power to feel is as much an original endowment as the power to know, and is quite as susceptible to education." The sensibilities lie within the confines of the soul. The soul is the life. It has three great functions, — knowing, feeling, willing.

Professor Hiram Corson says in his "Aims of Literary Study": —

"The acquisition of knowledge is a good thing; the emendation and sharpening of the intellect is a good thing; the cultivation of science and philosophy is a good thing; but there is something of infinitely more importance than all these: it is the rectification, the adjustment, through that mysterious operation we call sympathy (emotion), of the unconscious personality, the hidden soul, which co-operates with the active powers, with the conscious intellect; and, as this unconscious personality is rectified or unrectified, it determines the active powers, the conscious intellect, for righteousness or unrighteousness."

Colonel Parker says: —

"Without emotion, man is nothing. The history of music is the history of the development of the emotions of the human race from the beginning. Music has, then, for its function the cultivation of the spirit, or the higher development of the soul of man. . . . That faculty of the mind which has the dominant influence in deciding the motive and directing the will is emotion."

The imagination is that grand faculty which enables us to form clear, distinct mental pictures of things which are absent from our view. The cultivation of music tends to enlarge this function of the mind. "Distinct and sharply defined sense impressions are the first conditions of clear imagination and exact thinking."

Music a Language. There are things in music which can be realized, which language fails to express. The language of music lies in the imagination, the thoughts, the desires, the sensibilities. The more highly these faculties are trained, the deeper will be the meaning of music.

**The
Memory.**

The memory is strengthened by the musical exercise. The act of recalling musical impressions, of reproducing musical thoughts, calls forth the constant use of this mental faculty. This is peculiarly true of vocal music. How often we marvel at the achievements of those who sing in opera, and of those who delight us by their performance upon instruments, when for hours they entertain us by reproducing what has been treasured in their memories!

**Comparison
and
Attention.**

One of the highest functions of the mind is comparison. This faculty enables us to set up proper standards of judgment; to institute ideals. Attention and accuracy are secured in the systematic study of music. To pursue music in a thorough manner is conducive to order, method, system. We are then learning things in the exact order in which they will most naturally be recalled.

Music appeals to the æsthetic nature of the child. As a means of pleasure and recreation it is not surpassed by any other branch of study. It awakens love, respect, and confidence.

Vocal music is helpful as a means of physical training, for it promotes deep breathing, erect posture, and encourages a proper regard for the throat and lungs as the instruments of sound. It promotes cheerfulness, fortitude, good-fellowship, and an appreciation of the mutual dependence of all who live in a community. It is a preparation for good citizenship.

**Vocal Music as
Related to
Reading.**

The principle is being recognized more and more in this country that if we would have our pupils become accomplished in the art of reading and comprehending music, they must gain their knowledge under conditions not unlike those attending the acquisition of knowledge in other branches. As it is with language, and to a greater or less extent with other subjects, the pupils learn both passively and actively, unconsciously and consciously. In a passive state they receive impressions from without which afford pleasure, and which have more or less influence in determining the things which they are to know.

In an active state they exercise their various faculties, and so become strong and appreciative of the things pertaining to the subject, and gain power to use them in a practical way. Listening to the renditions of others, imitating what may be sung in their hearing, rote singing, are the passive forms of acquiring musical impressions.

Systematic mental drill, at length applied to progressively written music, is the active form of gaining a knowledge of the subject. Each has its place in the fullest development of the student of music.

"In the world of nature we find the blossom comes before the fruit; in history, art arose long before science was possible; in the human race, the emotions are developed sooner than the reason. With the individual child it is the same: the childish heart opens spontaneously to play, the barriers are broken down, and the loving mother or the wise teacher can find entrance into the inner court as in no other way. The child's sympathies can be attracted towards an object, person, or line of conduct, much earlier than his reason can grasp them. His emotional nature can and does receive impressions long before his intellectual nature is ready for them. In other words, he can *love* before he can understand."

Carlyle says, "The meaning of song goes deep."

Dr. Larkin Dunton, in an address recently delivered before the State Patriotic Songs Teachers' Association of Rhode Island, related the following incident, of the Germans. which had come under his observation:—

"We are not rich in national songs, but what we have would be rendered much more effective as a means of inspiring patriotism if every child in America were taught to sing and love what few we do have. The Germans are wiser in this respect than we. They understand better the wonderful and lasting effect of the singing of patriotic songs. The learning of these forms a part of the prescribed education for every German child. The minds and hearts of the children are filled with inspiring songs in honor of the fatherland. I remember well the impression produced upon my own mind while listening to the teaching of such a song in the city of Berlin. The teacher himself was a beautiful singer, as well as violinist and pianist. He began by creating the pictures which the song represented, with all possible vividness, in the minds of his class. The words were then learned, so that they could be beautifully recited. He next sang the song through, accompanying himself with his violin, and then repeated it, stanza by stanza, several times, until the children could sing it with him. He next had the song sung by one voice, by two, by four, by parts, and then by the whole class, till words and tune were perfectly learned; and finally he sang it with the class, accompanying the whole with the piano. This was done with such effect that I felt like rising to my feet and giving three rousing cheers for Germany and the Kaiser. This kind of instruction is carried on in Germany to such an extent that if you wish to fire the German heart with the warmest feelings of patriotism you have only to start any one of a large number of national airs and songs, when every German within sound of your voice will enthusiastically join in the chorus."

In the schools of our own country, during recent years, the singing of patriotic songs is being greatly encouraged. It is hoped that this volume, "The Songs of the Nation," containing as it does the best national songs of this and other countries, many of them new, may stimulate to a still higher spirit of patriotism.

Singing by Imitation. It has been said, and with a great deal of truthfulness, that during the first two years in school the pupils should have in music what corresponds with the opportunities they have for gaining a knowledge of spoken lan-

guage and power to express themselves. At home, upon the street, wherever they may be, they listen to the conversation and the sayings of others. Stories are read to them. Gradually they associate the thoughts which arise in their minds with the language which has become so familiar to them. On entering school the teacher avails herself of this accumulation of thought and language, and progress in the work of training the pupil is therefore rendered the more rapid and easy. It is felt that the majority of those who enter school have not had similar advantages in music; at least they vary a great deal in this respect, and therefore the singing of songs in their hearing and the teaching of beautiful songs to them will produce a love for music, and give them impressions which will prepare them for a perfect understanding of the subject when they pursue it in a technical way. The more beautiful these songs, the more appropriate to the youthful mind the subjects chosen, the greater value will they be to the pupil. The sentiment of these songs should breathe of all that is beautiful and attractive in nature, — all that is grand and noble in life. Thus through the power of musical expression these sentiments may make their impress upon the youthful minds and hearts; may have an abiding influence in the formation of character, and be a potential factor in influencing the motives and actions of life. The better these songs are taught as regards tone-quality, expression, and general style of rendering, the more valuable and helpful will they be.

**Systematic
Mental Drill.**

When we take up the study of music from the standpoint of real mental activity, as we do during the first or second year of school, and present the subject in a technical way, we then wish to treat it upon the same general principles which underlie the instruction given in other branches. One of the most encouraging things in connection with the teaching of music in schools is that the teaching power, the tact, the personal influence and magnetism, the knowledge, of the regular teachers, whose training and experience is so valuable, may be so helpfully employed in the development of this grand and beautiful subject. Even though they cannot sing themselves, by the giving of proper instruction, and by wise guidance of the pupils in their work, they are able to secure most excellent results. In association with special instructors who plan the work, give all necessary directions to the teacher, illustrate in the limited time which they have for each class, give tests and examinations from time to time, and by their presence, enthusiasm, and talents aid in the successful prosecution of the work, the part which the regular teachers take is of the highest importance. Their participation in the musical work is attended with a great deal of pleasure.

Pestalozzi recognized observation as the absolute basis of all knowledge, and established it as the first and most important principle of instruction. Profiting by his

experience and teaching there has gradually been formulated a method of instruction based upon the acquisition of knowledge through the perceptive faculties. Object-teaching, or sense-perception training, it is often called. To know a subject, one must know the things pertaining to it. The objects differ very much in different subjects. In some they are visible; in others visible and tangible; in others invisible and intangible. In drawing the objects are both visible and tangible; in botany the same; so in mineralogy. In astronomy they are only visible. In the teaching of geography by employing picture representations, the pupil, through observation, may easily come to know an island, cape, peninsula, mountain, lake, river, or any other thing connected with the subject. So also in the teaching of history: by employing graphic representations of the scenes and events, the pupil will form vivid conceptions of all things which have occurred, and which have become a part of history.

**Tonal and
Rhythmic
Relations.**

But when we come to the subject of music, different things obtain. The objects in music — the real things — are neither visible nor tangible. They are known only through the sense of hearing. How then can things which are hidden become in reality objects of thought? It is because of the impressions which can be made upon the mind by the effects of musical sounds, which are the things to be known in music. To understand music one must appreciate tone relations and rhythmic relations, and be able to unite in the mind the effects arising from both of these. Tone is known through the medium of the ear. Time, or rhythm, is known through a variety of senses, — sight, hearing, and touch.

The processes involved in learning things which are visible are: First, observation; second, thought; third, expression. In drawing, this is evidently so.

The processes involved in learning things which are invisible are: First, perception; second, thought; third, expression.

By whatever processes things become known, the first impressions are called percepts. When thought has been sufficiently given to an object, it becomes a mental concept.

In all subjects there should be found a unit of thought, — some whole thing out of which all things proceed, and back to which all things can be traced. In the subject of music the major scale is the unit. It may be defined as a series of eight consecutive sounds, properly distanced. One of the proofs that the scale is the unit is that it consists of two halves (1, 2, 3, 4 — 5, 6, 7, 8), the upper half being a repetition of the lower half at a higher pitch. Certainly, with the chromatic tones which may be produced within the scale, this octave is an epitome of all the effects which can be produced in music so far as tone is concerned.

The following principle underlies the presentation and development of every unit of thought:—

The Unit, the Object, the Sign. First, — Present the object (the thing to be known). Second, — Give the object a name. Third, — Show its sign, or represent it. Fourth, —

Develop the thing through drill and practical work.

In teaching: First, — Present the unit or object as a whole. Second, — Teach the several parts of the whole. Third, — Teach the relation of the several parts to the whole. Fourth, — Teach the relation of each part to every other part.

In no subject is it more important that the object should be presented before its sign than in music.

The reason for this is that musical signs are arbitrary characters, which by common consent and long usage have come to be recognized as standing for the things pertaining to the subject of music. They convey but little impression to the mind before the real things are known; but afterwards, through the power of association, they become alive with suggestion.

Things before signs, objects before names, then, should be uppermost in giving our instruction.

In practically applying the foregoing principles to the presentation of the scale, we first present the scale as a whole, then teach the octave which includes the whole (1, **S** — **S**, 1), then develop the tone relation of each part of the scale to the whole, represented by 1, **S** — **S**, 1. Then develop the tone relation of each part to every other part. These tonal relations of sounds are embraced in the comprehensive term "tonality."

The most natural way of thinking sounds is from tone to tone, as they exist in the scale succession. Any interval, however large or small, is most readily thought through the influence of the sounds of the scale, in regular succession, which are found within the limits of the interval. How often this has been proven: when one has failed to measure accurately an interval in melody, he has resorted to the melodic succession of sounds as found within the limits of the interval, and immediately the interval relation is called to mind. Writers of music freely avail themselves of this melodic element, as a melody constructed in this manner is easier to read, easier to think, and easier to sing. Furthermore, the single melody in conjunct progression suggests the greatest variety of harmony. Therefore, before proceeding with the development of tone relations, each pupil should, as far as possible, learn to sing the scale.

There are two ways of drilling the pupils in these tone relations: —

Methods of Drill. By calling the names of the sounds, and by pointing to the steps of the musical ladder.

An excellent arrangement of this drill work in tone relation, through scale succession, is found on the first page of the First Series of Charts, "Normal Music Course," in the form of four tables.

The preceding work, together with that which is immediately to follow, has frequently been called the Analytical Development of the Scale.

When the pupils have become proficient in their knowledge of tone relations, they may have given them by the teacher two sounds at a time to think and sing; for example: 1, 3—3, 5—5, 4—4, 2—2, 6—6, 4—4, 7—7, 8.

Then three sounds: 1, 2, 1—3, 4, 3—5, 6, 5—8, 7, 8—8, 5, 3—3, 2, 3—3, 6, 5—4, 2, 1.

Then four sounds: 1, 3, 6, 5—3, 5, 8, 5—6, 2, 3, 4—5, 1, 2, 3—8, 3, 6, 5—4, 2, 5, 1.

Then five sounds: 1, 2, 3, 1, 5—2, 3, 4, 2, 6—5, 6, 5, 6, 7—8, 7, 8, 5, 3—6, 5, 4, 2, 1—1, 3, 5, 8, 1.

Then six sounds: 1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5—4, 3, 4, 2, 1, 3—8, 7, 6, 7, 8, 5—6, 5, 4, 2, 2, 1.

Then seven sounds: 1, 3, 5, 3, 4, 2, 1—1, 3, 5, 8, 5, 3, 1—1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1—8, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8—8, 5, 6, 4, 2, 5, 1.

Then eight sounds: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 3, 2, 1—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 4, 3, 2—5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 5—8, 5, 3, 1, 2, 5, 5, 1.

Then nine sounds: 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 6, 4, 2, 1—1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 5, 4, 2, 1—8, 5, 3, 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8—8, 5, 3, 5, 8, 5, 3, 5, 1—1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 2, 1—8, 7, 8, 6, 7, 5, 6, 7, 8—8, 1, 3, 5, 8, 1, 3, 5, 8.

Individual Tests.

The pupils should now be tested in their ability to recognize and name sounds. This may be done in two ways. The teacher may sing sounds with the vowel o, or the syllable loo, and the pupil may point to the step on the ladder which represents the sound. The teacher may sing as before, and the pupil may go to the board and write the number for each tone which is sung. Then the teacher may sing two sounds in succession, and the pupil will either point to the two steps, or write the two names. This may be carried to the extent of singing three, or more, sounds in succession.

The Diatonic Scale divided.

Another form in which the scale is commonly used is the broken, or divided, scale. This consists of taking a pitch for *one* sufficiently high to admit of going both above and below it. Usually the pitch of G is taken as one. Here the pupil is confronted with rather a new problem, and one which in many cases proves troublesome. A little patience and persistency, however, soon conquers it. First direct the class to sing 1, 2 — Then tell them to think the 1 as 8, and

sing 8, 7 below. Repeat this several times. Next direct them to sing 1, 2, 1, 7 below, 1 — Then 1, 7 below, 1, 2, 1 — Then 1, 2, 7 below, 1 — Then 1, 7 below, 2, 1 — Then 1, 2, 7 below, 2, 7 below, 2, 1 — When this is well understood all the other combinations above and below the key tone will follow quite naturally. It only remains to be stated that each tone, in turn, below the key tone, is to be related to every other tone above it, until five above the key tone is reached. Then there will have been established all the tone relations that exist in the diatonic scale within the limits of another octave; namely, between 5 above and 5 below. This fits the scholars for the performance of any diatonic work which may be encountered in any major scale which they may meet.

A set of tables has been prepared, on exercise cards, and published by the publishers of the "Normal Music Course," for the development of the tone relations in the broken, or divided, scale.

Tests may be given the pupils along this line of thinking, similar to those given in the scale as a whole.

**The Major
Scale and
Modulation.**

After this work in tone perception has been accomplished, the pupils may have shown them page 25 on the First Series of Charts, "Normal Music Course." The sooner they understand that there is only one ideal major scale, but that it does not always have the same name, nor does it always present the same appearance, the broader will be their conception of music, and the less liable will they be to get into ruts. On this page they may learn the names of five keys; the signature of each; the relation of one key to the next; the method of crossing the bridges which lead from key to key; and also receive drill in singing in each key, following the pointer as used by the teacher. If the class is remarkably bright, the teacher may venture to pass from one key to the next without crossing the bridge, changing a 3, for example, to a 6, etc., etc.

The next step in the progress of the work is to turn to the Modulator, which is found at the beginning of the First Chart, "Normal Music Course," and show the pupils the five staff pictures of these same keys. The only new things which they will want to know will be where *one* is found on the staff in each key; and also to form in the mind a vivid mental picture of the position of the scale in each key. Here will come in again the principle that each note in the picture is related to the scale as a whole, and that each note is also related to every other note. To read music fluently and intelligently, the pupil should have these relations fixed through the necessary eye-training. A certain amount of recitation in regard to the position of each note upon the staff in each key will also be an aid. Written work is also desirable. The teacher may sing and a pupil may represent each

sound as it is sung. The teacher may call, the class sing, and the pupil may write. The teacher may write notes upon the staff, and the pupils may sing each as written.

Before any written work is given it will be well, for the sake of a clear understanding of the staff and the names of the different degrees, to have some indication of the places (lines and spaces) and their pitch names, A, B, C, etc. The teacher may mark the places and the scholar may name them. The teacher may name them and the scholars may point to those named. This may be followed by the writing of whole notes upon the staff.

The teacher may drill with a pointer upon the scales as represented upon the Modulator, in a similar manner as upon the ladder on page 25. In like manner the keys of F, B flat, E flat, and A flat may be presented from page 40 of the First Chart, and then shown upon the Modulator with all the accompanying drill and recitation.

Rhythm and the Measure. Very soon after the development of tone relations has been commenced, the work in Time may be begun.

The Rhythm is the movement. The unit of thought in rhythm is the measure. A measure is a group, or series, of regularly recurring accents, or pulsations, some strong and some weak. These units vary according to the number of pulsations which constitute the measure. We have the two, three, four, and six-part measure, and sometimes the nine and twelve-part measures.

Rhythm in music may be characterized as even or uneven. Even measure is the rhythm of nature,—Natural Rhythm. Uneven measure is Artistic Rhythm. Three-part measures and their compounds, nine and twelve-part measures, are examples of artistic rhythm.

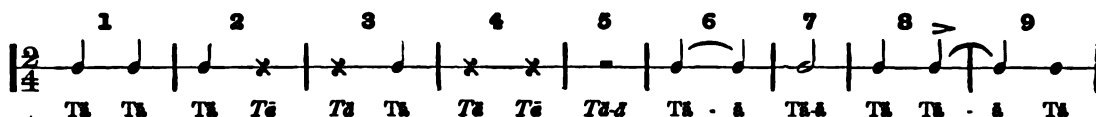
The following are good illustrations to use in developing a sense of even rhythm: The swinging motion; the rocking of a cradle; the movement of the rocking-chair; the swaying of the bough of a tree; the swinging of a door; the galloping of a horse; the strokes of the hammer on an anvil; the marching of soldiers; the pulse-beat; the heart-beat; the movement of the pendulum of a clock; the ticking of a clock or a watch; the incoming and outgoing waves upon the seashore; the rap-a-tap-tap of the shoemaker's hammer; the movement in sewing; the revolution of a wheel; the tolling of a bell. The waltz movement is the best illustration of artistic rhythm. One of the best things to aid in developing a sense of rhythm is the visible, swinging pendulum.

There are three ways of approaching the mind in developing a sense of rhythm: 1. In a visual way, through the sense of sight. 2. Through the sense of hearing,—by tapping regularly upon the desk with a pencil or pointer. 3. Through the sense of touch.

or feeling; by pressing one finger upon the desk, the first pressure being strong and the next weak. Also, in an incidental way, the scholars acquire a feeling for rhythm by singing rote songs and by listening to the performance of others, either in singing or playing. There can be no doubt as to which of these is the most trustworthy, and therefore the best to depend upon regularly. The pendulum being an agency entirely outside either the teacher or the scholar, and moving as it does so silently, gracefully, and in such perfect measurement of time, it tends to cultivate not only the strictly mechanical, but also the æsthetic sense of rhythm. It comes the nearest to the beat of the conductor of all of these various ways, and therefore prepares the pupil to follow the beat with ease and intelligence. That the other ways may be used occasionally to advantage there can be no doubt.

**Time and
Accent.**

After the movement, with the regularly recurring accent, has been established in two-part measure by the use of the pendulum and the words *STRONG, weak*, and the time-names *Tä, Tā*, the teacher may develop the following varieties of measure: One sound to each beat; one sound to the first beat and rest the second; rest the first beat and one sound to the second; rest both beats; one sound to two beats; one sound to the first beat, one sound to the second beat and the first beat of the next measure, one sound to the second beat of this measure. Having sung these measures as directed, it is now in order to represent them as follows:—



These should now be timed, measure by measure, several times. They should also be sung with *La* several times. Then the exercise should be timed continuously and sung continuously. The teacher may sing a measure and the class will tell which was sung. She may time a measure and the class may indicate the one timed. She may call for any measure and they will time it, or sing it. She may give the notes by name, and they will sing them. The best place to teach the names of notes and rests is just after the representation of a measure has been given. In this way they will have a full meaning. Three-part measures may be developed in a similar manner, using the words *STRONG, weak, weak*, and the time-names *Tä, Tā, Tē*. Four-part measure also by using the words *STRONG, weak, STRONG, weak, Tā, Tā, Tō, Tē*,—the second word *strong* being said less strong as compared with the first beat. Six-part measures also by using the words *STRONG, weak, weak, STRONG, weak, weak, Tā, Tā, Tē, Tō, Tā, Tē*. The fourth beat is not as strong as the first beat.

The limited space forbids the fuller treatment of this topic Reference for further

details is here made to a set of three Time-Charts, published in connection with the "Normal Music Course." By the aid of these and the regular charts of that series the whole subject of time may be worked out. There is also a very complete illustration of the elements of time in "The Cecilian Series of Study and Song."

The following language may be employed in explaining the time-signature of any exercise or song: "This exercise (or song) is written in two-four time. The upper figure is two, which shows that there are two beats in a measure; the lower figure is four, which shows that the quarter note is the one-beat note."

The following language may be employed in explaining the key-signature: "We know that this exercise (or song) is written in the key of E, because there are four sharps in the signature, — F sharp, C sharp, G sharp, and D sharp: *one* of the key is on the first line of the staff."

In addition to this form of recitation there may be added at times the following: "The pitch-names are E, F sharp, G sharp, A, B, C sharp, D sharp, E. When 1 is on the first line, 2 is in the first space, 3 is on the second line, 4 is in the second space, 5 is on the third line, 6 is in the third space, 7 is on the fourth line, 8 is in the fourth space; 1, 3, 5, and 7 are on the lines; 2, 4, 6, and 8 are in the spaces." If all these forms of recitation are faithfully employed in all the keys and in all varieties of time, with the different forms of representation in each kind of time, added to the eye-training which comes as the result of reading music in a progressive manner, and supplemented with a reasonable amount of written work, the pupil cannot fail to acquire a good knowledge of musical notation, and by practice will learn to closely associate the written signs with the things of music for which they stand.

Chromatic Tones.

Chromatic means color. Chromatic tones are employed in music for the sake of tone-color; for the purpose of modulation; and for increasing the accent.

When the chromatic tone occurs in conjunction with the strong beat of a measure the accent is much increased. Chromatics are of two kinds, bright and sombre. Those in the ascending scale produce brilliant effects. Those in the descending scale produce calm or sad effects. These chromatic tones, when judiciously employed, add very much to the expression and meaning of a musical composition.

There are recognized as existing in music certain proclivities, or tendencies, of sounds arising from natural relations of tones. For example: seven of the scale tends most naturally towards eight; four tends towards three. Taking advantage of these proclivities in sounds we may make use of them in establishing similar effects, or tendencies, in chro

matic tones. The chromatics in the ascending scale tend upwards towards the next diatonic tone. This inclination is paralleled by the sounds *seven* and *eight*. The chromatics in the descending scale tend downwards towards the diatonic tone which is immediately below it. This proclivity is paralleled by the sounds *four* and *three*. In teaching the chromatics of the upward scale, have the class sing up to any diatonic tone which has a sharp chromatic below it; change the diatonic tone to eight; sing **8, 7, 8**, and then call it **2, #1, 2**,—or whatever tone the chromatic is associated with: **3, #2, 3—5, #4, 5**, etc. By many repetitions the chromatic tone and the chromatic interval will be established.

In teaching the chromatics in the downward scale, have the pupils sing down to any diatonic tone which has a flat chromatic above it; change the diatonic tone to **3**; sing **3, 4, 3—**; and then call it **6, b7, 6—**, or whatever tone the chromatic may be associated with,—**5, b6, 5—4, b5, 4—**, etc.

Sharp chromatics may be approached both from above and below.

**Ways of
Approaching
Chromatics.**

Flat chromatics may be approached both from below and above. All of the chromatic tones may be, and frequently are, approached from remote tones of the scale, and sometimes a progression is made from one chromatic tone to another chromatic; as from sharp four to sharp two. As these chromatic tones are used by musicians, we find that the closely related, or conjunct, form largely prevails.

Reference is here made to valuable practical exercises in chromatics in the form of Exercise Cards, prepared for use in connection with the "Normal Music Course" and "The Cecilian Series." There are also useful diagrams on page 12 of the Second Series of Charts, "Normal Music Course," which furnish an excellent opportunity for drill along the lines already indicated.

**The Minor
Scale.**

The Minor Scale is most naturally taught and understood as a derived scale,—derived from the major, and therefore related to it. If the Chromatic Scale has been well developed, the Minor Scale will follow most naturally, and the work will be undertaken with comparative ease. The general characteristic effect of music written in a Minor Key is sombre, or plaintive. With the Major it is the opposite,—bright, joyful, cheerful. In teaching the Minor Scale have the pupils sing from **1** of the Major down to **6**. Then sing from **6** below to **6** above, and return. This series of sounds may be called the *Natural*, or pure Minor Scale. Next divide the class into two sections. Have one section sing from **6** below to **4** above. Have the other sing **6, #5, 6**. Repeat this several times. Then have the first section sing as before, and the second sing **#5, 6**. Now have all the pupils sing from **6** below to **6** above, singing the **#5** for the seventh sound in the series.

Next have the second section sing **6**, **#5**, and the first sing from **4** to **6** below. Then have the class as a whole sing from **6** above to **6** below, taking the **#5** for the seventh sound in the series. Now have the whole class sing up and down this same series. Name this the *Harmonic Minor Scale*.

Have the class sing from **6** below to **3** above; change this tone to **5**; then sing **5**, **7**, **8**; call these sounds **3**, **#4**, **#5**, **6**. Next sing from **6** below to **6** above, using the **#4** and **#5** for the sixth and seventh sounds in the series. For the downward scale sing the natural form.

Now have the class sing the new series up and the natural down. Name this the *Melodic Minor Scale*. Practise all these forms until each stands out in the mind as a distinct series of sounds. These forms may be combined in a variety of ways. On the Second Series of Charts, "Normal Music Course," pages 14 and 15, may be found very useful diagrams and representations for presenting and developing these minor scale effects. There are also Exercise Cards printed for drill in fixing the minor successions of sounds, by the publishers of the "Normal Music Course."

Any two things in music which are practically the same in pitch, but which differ both in name and representation, come under the head of *Enharmonics*. For example. C sharp and D flat are practically the same in pitch (they are played with the same key upon the piano), but they have different names, and are placed in different positions in the staff representation. The same is true of the chords of C sharp and D flat, and the keys of C sharp and D flat.

Modulation. Modulation is the art, or the act, of passing from one key into a related key; the science of modes and keys; a transition from one key into another. It may be defined as the process by which the mental effect of a tone or chord is changed by changing its key relation.

Modulation may be either diatonic or chromatic: diatonic when every two successive notes are in the same key; chromatic, when adjacent notes are changed chromatically. The usual modulations are from Major to Major, from Major to Minor, from Minor to Major.

Voice Training. This article would not be complete were no reference made to voice training, and the importance which this should have in all the work from the very beginning. We cannot hope to follow the careful and long-continued methods of the private voice teacher in our work in public schools. Time, and the lack of opportunity to practise, as well as the necessity which exists of class instruction, all preclude the adoption of such methods. Then, again, many of the exercises employed in the training of the adult voice would not be practicable with younger

singers, and especially for class use. Our efforts should be directed to the saving of the voices; to producing the best quality of tone; to establishing a *legato* style of singing; to distinct articulation; to clear and perfect enunciation; to cultivating a light and buoyant tone in the upper register; and to establishing ideals for the highest musical expression. The singing by vowels and independent syllables, with proper vowel shapes and the best conditions of the organs of voice, accompanied with a pure soft tone, with sufficient vitality and intensity to produce a good tone-character, are the main reliances for good voice-work in public schools. Simple exercises confined to a limited compass of tones may be employed, varying the vowel, or common syllable, and practising the same in different keys, gradually working higher and higher. Short exercises in a monotone, or possibly varying the tone a little, changing gradually and perfectly from one vowel to another, may be employed to excellent advantage. It is better to commence with a high tone and carry the soft quality down, than to commence with a low tone and sing upwards.

Helps for the Study of Sight Singing and Vocal Instruction. "A Standard Course of Study in Vocal Music" has recently been prepared with great care, to aid the teachers in the successful prosecution of the work in music. It is intended for use in connection with the "Normal Music Course" and "The Cecilian Series of Study and Song." Copies may be had by applying to the publishers.

As the conditions and advantages under which the work in music is undertaken in different localities in this country vary so widely, the following enumeration of books and charts to meet these varying conditions may prove helpful to many in making a selection. It may be possible to do some valuable work by combining with "The Songs of the Nation" the two series of Charts of the "Normal Music Course," with the Exercise Cards and the Time-Charts. Then, if there could be added to this one or more books of the "Normal Music Course," another excellent combination would be effected. Still another list of material would be the Charts of the "Normal Music Course," with the various helps, one or more books of "The Cecilian Series," and "Songs of the Nation." Faithful teaching, with persistent application, would produce rapid and gratifying results, whichever combination of Normal Music material might be decided upon. Success depends to a large extent upon the amount of work actually studied in logical and progressive order. The future is bright with promise for the cultivation of music in our public schools. May the bow of promise grow wider and wider, until it shall encircle within its far-reaching scope all the youth of our beloved land!

SONGS OF THE NATION.

HOW "AMERICA" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

THE hymn "AMERICA" was the fruit of examining a number of music books and songs for German public schools, placed in my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq. Falling in with the tune of one of them, now called "AMERICA," and being pleased with its simple and easy the German words, and patriotic, instantly felt patriotic hymn of my Seizing a scrap of waste within half an hour, the they stand to-day. I a national hymn. I did so. The whole matter A few weeks afterwards some translations and have chanced to be curred in February, 1832. later that he had incorgramme for the celebra- 1832, in Park Street since heard it sung in than half-way round the world, the latest translation of it which I have seen being into the Hebrew. When it was composed I was profoundly impressed with the necessary relation between love of God and love of country; and I rejoice if the expression of my own sentiments and convictions still finds an answering chord in the hearts of my countrymen.



S. F. Smith.

movement, I glanced at seeing that they were the impulse to write a own, to the same tune. paper, I put upon it, verses substantially as did not propose to write not know that I had done passed out of my mind. I sent to Mr. Mason other poems; this must among them. This oc- To my surprise, I found porated it into the pro- tion of the 4th of July, Church, Boston. I have many languages, more

*From the autobiography of the author of "America,"
in "Poems of Home and Country," by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D
(See Announcement on page opposite Preface.)*

SONGS OF THE NATION.

AMERICA

Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D.
Moderato.

HENRY CAREY, (?)
Newly arr. by JOHN W. TUFTS.



1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—Thy name I love;
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free - dom's song;
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing;

Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break,—The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

HAIL COLUMBIA!

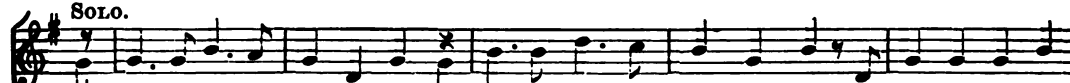
PRELUDE.

Maestoso.

Newly arr. by JOHN W. TUFTS.



SOLO.



1. Hail, Columbia! hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
2. Im-mortal patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe, with

VOICES OR INSTRUMENT.



Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 impious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of

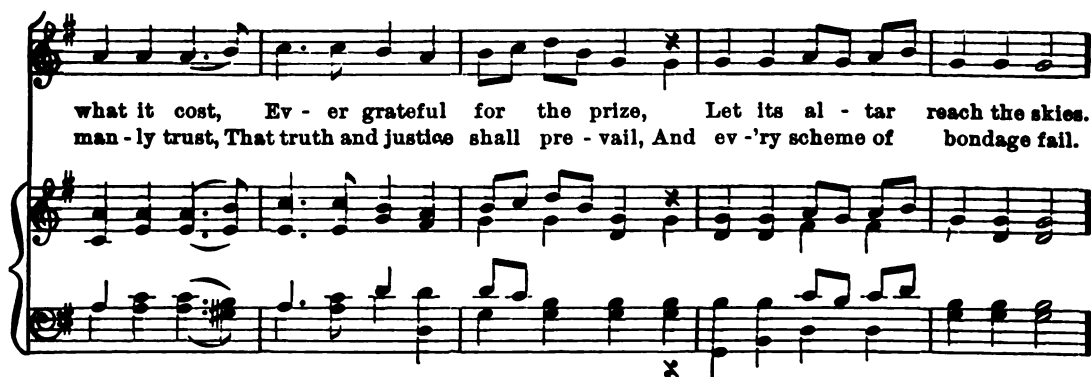


joyed the peace your val-or won, Let in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mindful
 toil and blood the well-earned prize; While off'ring peace sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a



Written in 1788, by JOSEPH HOPKINSON; the music composed by PROF. PHYLA, of Philadelphia, and played for the
 first time in public, at Washington's Inauguration in New York in 1789.

Copyright, 1888, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.



what it cost, Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
man - ly trust, That truth and justice shall pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bondage fail.

CHORUS.



Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!



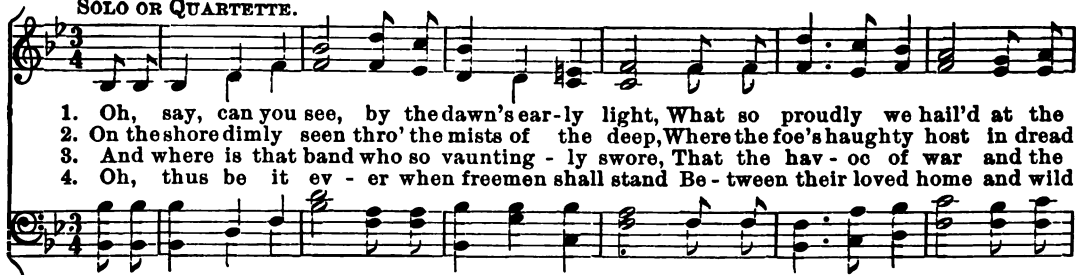
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find, find.

1st. 2nd.

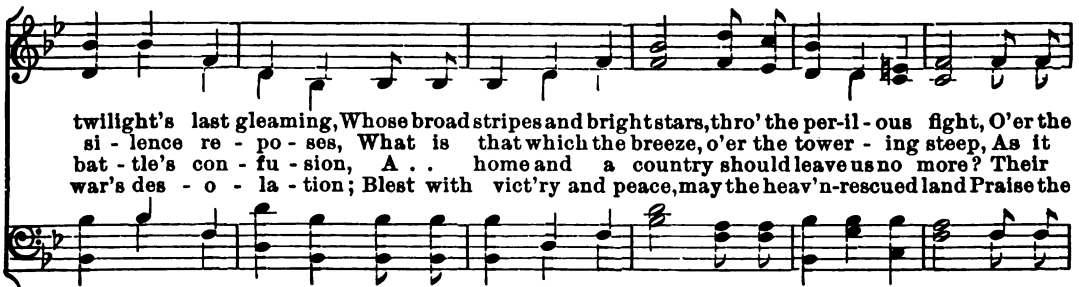
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.

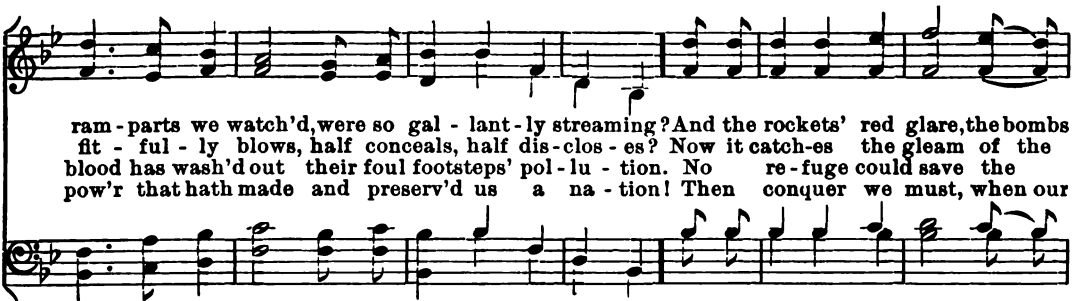
SOLO OR QUARTETTE.



1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
 2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band who so vaunting - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild



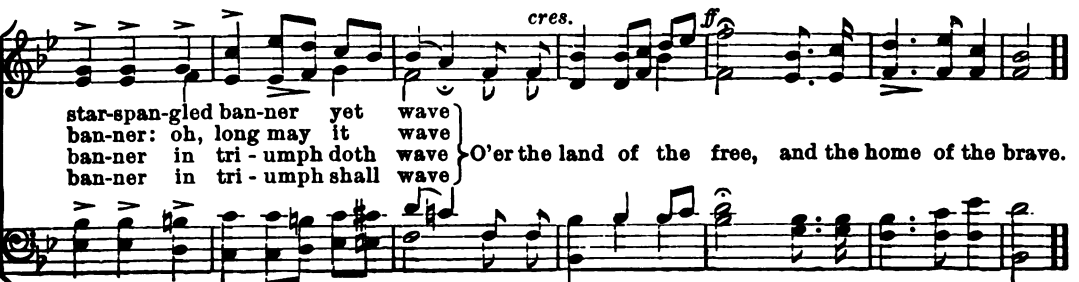
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower - ing steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No re - fuge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a na - tion! Then conquer we must, when our



CHORUS. *ff*
 burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say does that
 morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled
 hireling and slave From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled




cres.
 star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
 ban-ner: oh, long may it wave
 ban-ner in tri - umph doth wave
 ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave } O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

21

WALTER KITTREDGE.



1. We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;




weary hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded long.
 Some are dead, and some are dy - ing, Ma - ny are in tears.




CHORUS.



Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wishing for the war to cease,





Ma - ny are the hearts look - ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting to - night,




Last verse. Dy - ing to - night,

Last time ppp.



Tenting to - night, Tent - ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy - ing to - night, (Omit.)..... Dy - ing on the old campground.



Used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL FLAG.


TRIO AND CHORUS.

Words by BENJ. WEBBER.


G. F. WILSON.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful flag in the land of the free, There's a
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful flag on the sol - dier boy's grave, For its
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful flag on the snow cov - er'd height, And it
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful flag that we all love to see, 'Tis the



beau - ti - ful flag on the treach - er - ous sea; Through the
 light silk - en text - ure his young life he gave; And it
 wel - comes the dawn, with its red, ro - sy light; It is
 old flag of free - dom, the gift of the free; All un -




black - ness of night, o'er the dark swell - en wave, Floats that
 waves o'er his form, in the light breez - y air, When the
 tossed by the wind, where it waves o'er the main, On the
 - furled in the breeze, with its silk all un - roll'd, There are




shel - ter - ing flag, o'er the true and the brave.
 sweet scent - ed flow - ers of sum - mer are there.
 bleak, breez - y peak of the rough, rock - y chain.
 clus - ters of stars on this flag of the bold.



Used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

CHORUS. SOPRANO.



1. Where the fierce tem - pest raves on the wild, storm - y sea, Floats the

ALTO.



2. And it droops o'er the grave of the he - ro be - low, When the

3. 'Tis the flag of my coun - try,—the red, white and blue—To its

TENOR.



4. Yes, we love it, we love it, dear flag of the free, It is

BASS.



stars and the stripes from the land of the free.



mound that was green lies en - shroud - ed in snow.

stars and its stripes we will ev - er be true.



dear to our hearts, and our pride it shall be.



DIXIE'S LAND.

Composed by DAN. EMME
Arranged by W. L. HOBE

FROM

APR 16 1964
MAR 21 1964

Arranged with Chorus by COLLIN COE.

*Allegro.**p*

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar

not for-got-ten, Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In

Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-in, Look a-

Used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll

took my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

2 Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"

Willium was a gay deceaber;

Look away! etc.,

But when he put his arm around 'er,

He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,

Look away! etc.,

CHO. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

3 His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,

But dat did not seem to greab 'er;

Look away! etc.,

Old Missus acted de foolish part,

And died for a man dat broke her heart,

Look away! etc.,

CHO. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,

An all de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away! etc.,

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,

Come and hear dis song to-morrow,

Look away! etc.,

CHO. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,

Makes you fat or a little fatter;

Look away! etc.,

Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,

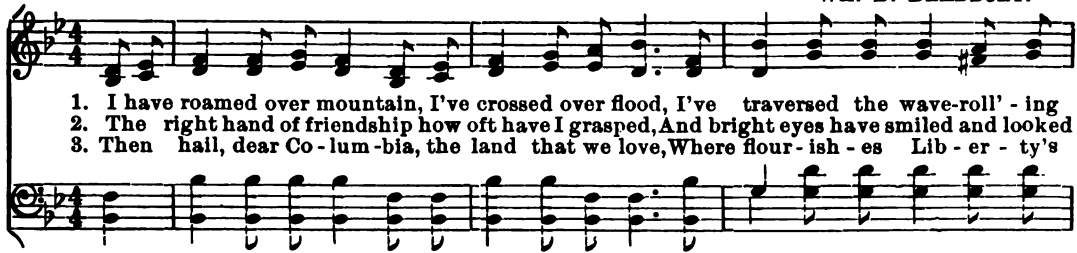
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away! etc.,

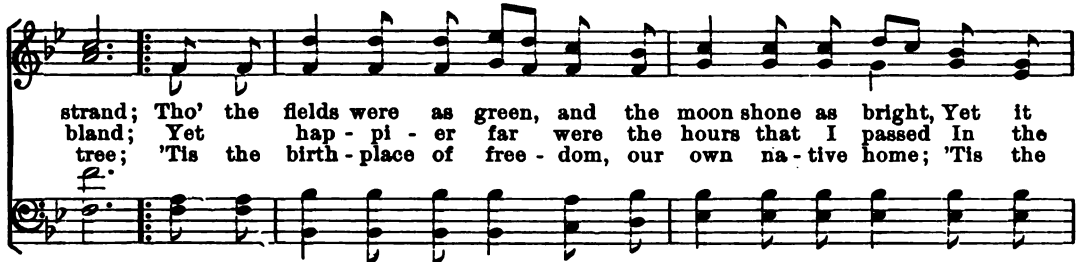
CHO. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

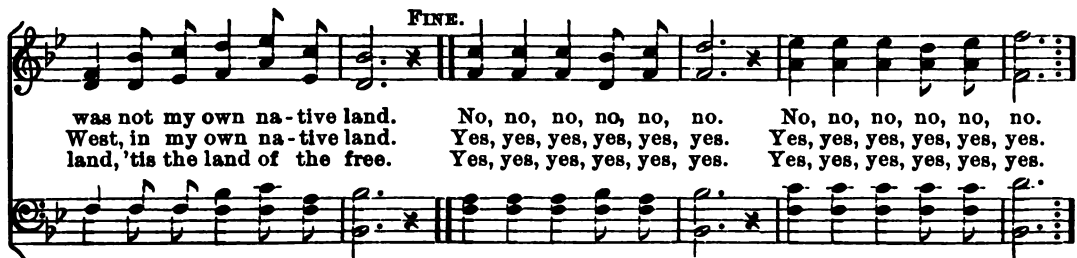
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. I have roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've traversed the wave-roll' - ing
 2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked
 3. Then hail, dear Co - lum - bia, the land that we love, Where flour - ish - es Lib - er - ty's



strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it
 bland; Yet hap - pi - er far were the hours that I passed in the
 tree; 'Tis the birth - place of free - dom, our own na - tive home; 'Tis the



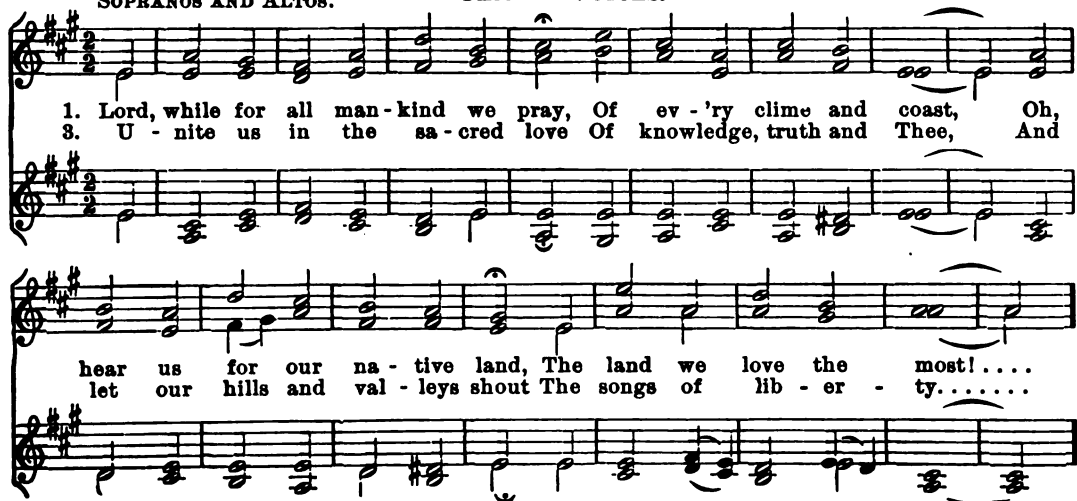
FINE.
 was not my own na - tive land. No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.
 West, in my own na - tive land. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
 land, 'tis the land of the free. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.


Words by JOHN REYNELL WREFORD.
SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

FEMALE VOICES.

Music by JOHN W. TUFTS.



1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast, Oh,
 3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowledge, truth and Thee, And



hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most!
 let our hills and val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty.

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TENORS AND BASSES.

2. Oh, guard our shores from ev - ery foe, With peace our bor - ders bless; With
 4. Here may Re - lig - ion shed her light On days of rest and toll, And
 prosperous times our ci - ties crown; Our fields with plen - teous - ness.
 Pi - e - ty and Vir - tue reign, And bless our na - tive soil.

Sop. I. II.

SIX VOICES.

5. Lord of the na - tions! thus to Thee Our coun - try we com - mend; Be
 ALTO.
 TENOR.
 5. Lord of the na - tions! thus to Thee Our coun - try we com - mend; Be
 BASS I. II.

Thou her re - fuge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.
 Thou her re - fuge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

QUARTETTE.

Words by REV. S. WOLCOTT, D. D.

H. P. DANKS. ©

SOPRANO.



ALTO.

1. God of our Fa - thers, let Thy face
 2. Un - - to our Pres - - i - dent im - part
 3. With - - in our Con - gress let the fire
 4. Up - - on our Judg - es let the seal
 5. God of our Fa - thers, let Thy face

TENOR.



BASS




T'ward the Re - pub - lic ev - er be-
 Sus - tain - ing trust, dis - cern - ing sight,
 Of pa - tri - ot - ic love a bide;
 Of Thy di - vine a - - noint - - ing be-
 T'ward the Re - pub - lic ev - - er be!




En - - com - pass it with strength and grace,
 The hom - age of the loy - al heart,
 Its coun - sels lead, its acts in - - spire,
 The wis - dom calm, the right - - eous zeal,
 En - - com - pass it with strength and grace,




And law com - bine with lib - er - - ty.
 The stead - fast cour - age for the right.
 And in the na - - tion's halls pre - - side.
 The robes of truth and e - qui - - ty.
 And law com - bine with lib - er - - ty.



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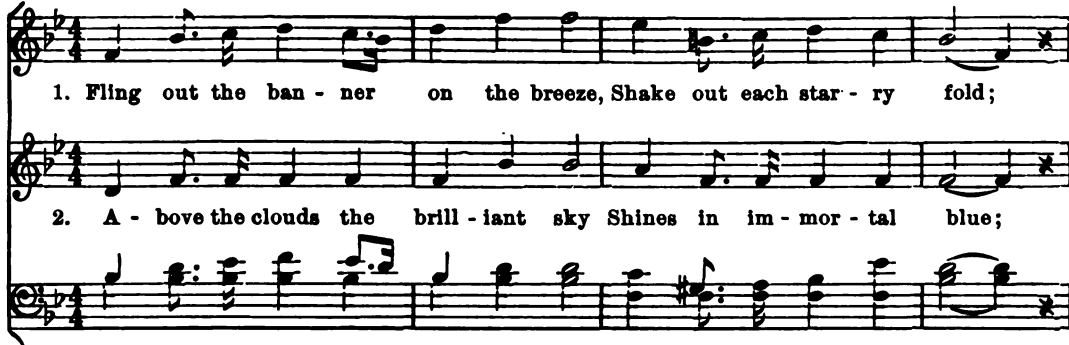
FLING OUT THE BANNER.

29

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Alla Marcia.



1. Fling out the ban - ner on the breeze, Shake out each star - ry fold;

2. A - bove the clouds the brill - iant sky Shines in im - mor - tal blue;



Sum - mon the stal - wart sol - diers forth, The might - y and the bold,—

And light, like Heav'n's ap - prov - ing smile, Streams in its glo - ry through



Rall.

The bell of Free - dom from its tow'r, Its sol - emn call has tolled.

Be pa - tient, till the strife is o'er; Have faith to dare and do.

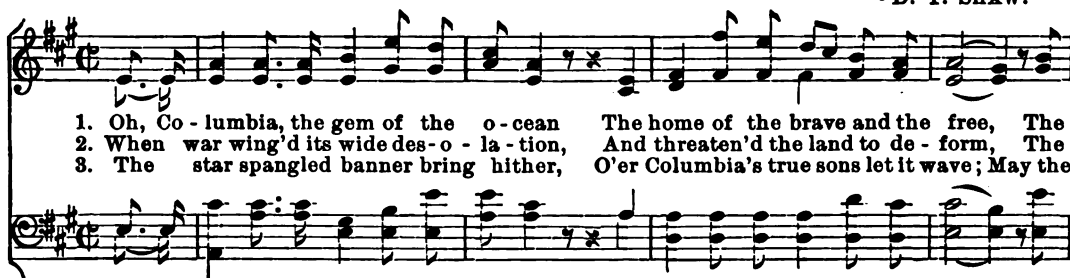
3 Bear on our banner, let it tell
The triumph of the brave;
On every breeze that sweeps our hills,
In glory let it wave,
O'er all the land, o'er all our streams,
O'er every soldier's grave.

4 Then fling the banner to the wind,
The emblem of the free;
Strike the sweet harp-tones that proclaim
The reign of Liberty,
And bid the melody rebound
From every trembling key

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THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

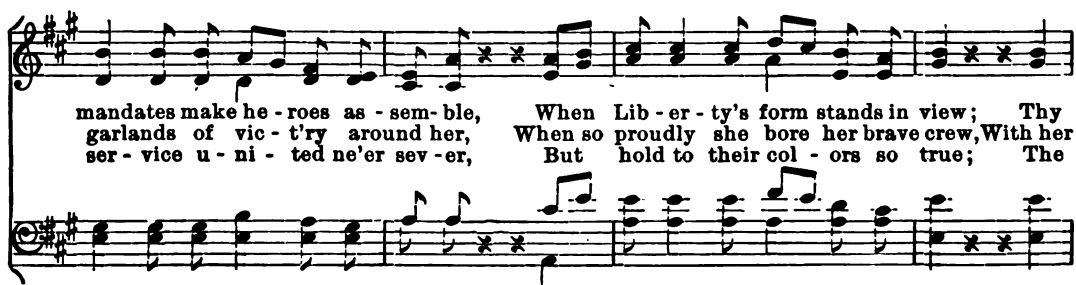
- D. T. SHAW.



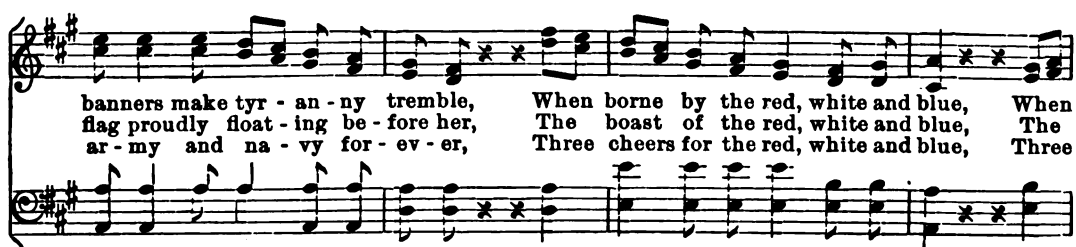
1. Oh, Co - lumbia, the gem of the o - cean The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threaten'd the land to de - form, The
 3. The star spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the



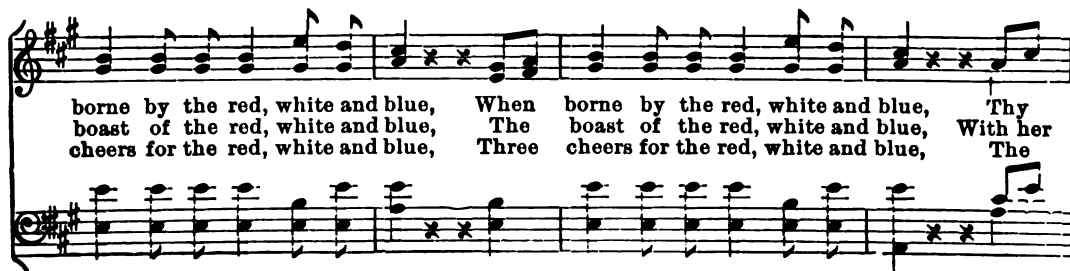
shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy
 ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With the
 wreaths they have won never with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the



mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
 garlands of vic - t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
 ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The



banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

THEY FALTER NOT.

Words by REV. J. E. RANKIN. D. D., LL. D.

Music by REV. R. DEW. MALLARY.

1. West - ward a - cross the wave, With pi - ous hearts and brave,
 2. Rude is their wel - come here; Cold winds and for - ests drear,
 3. Ah! who can tell the tale? Though heart and flesh oft fail,

The ex - les come; Where Chris - tian nev - er trod, Search - ing the
 The sea's sad moan; Far from the old world's shrines With cling - ing
 They fal - ter not; Be - side the sound - ing deep, Long since they

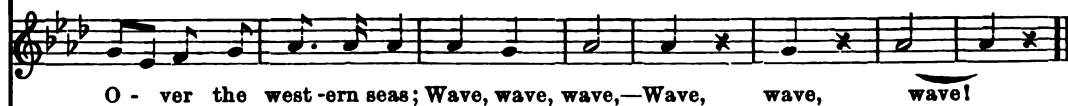
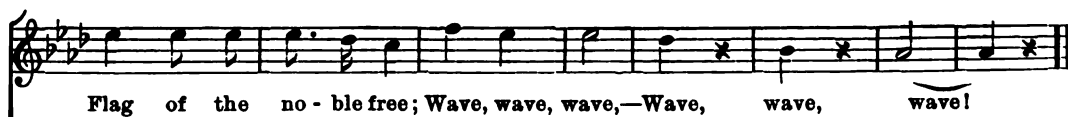
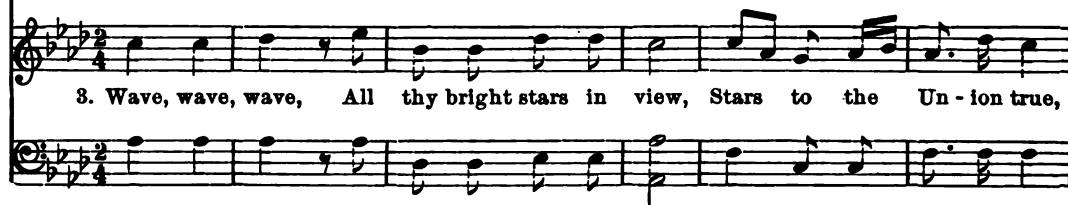
earth a - broad To find for man and God A fane, a home.
 i - vy vines, A - mid the sigh - ing pines, They kneel a - lone.
 fell a - sleep;— They sowed the seed we reap, Our bat - tle fought.

By per.

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SONG TO THE FLAG.

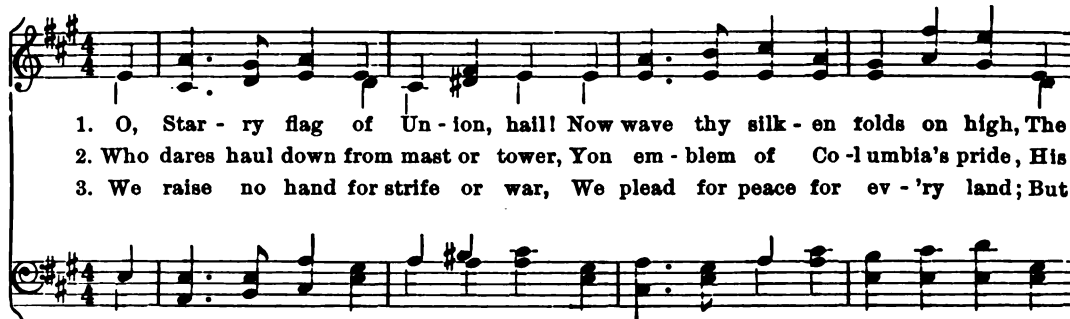
JOHN W. TUTTS.



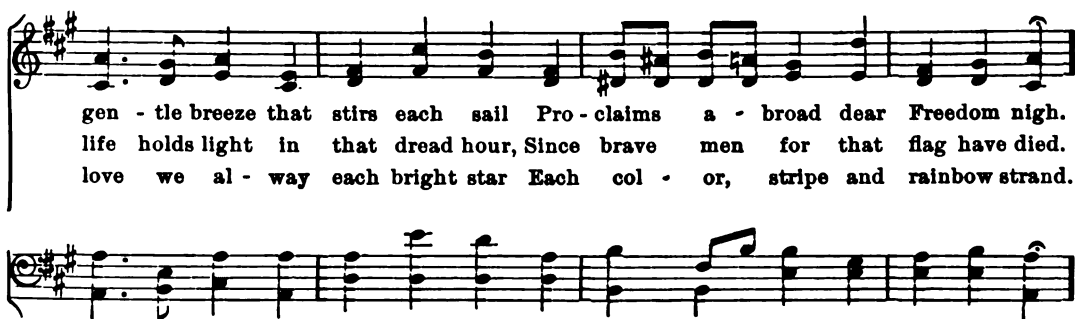
O, STARRY FLAG OF UNION, HAIL!

33

Words and Music by CHARLES W. JOHNSON.

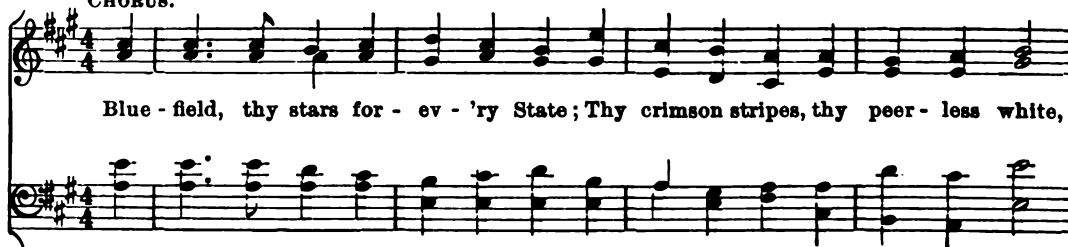


1. O, Star - ry flag of Un - ion, hail! Now wave thy silk - en folds on high, The
2. Who dares haul down from mast or tower, Yon em - blem of Co - lumbia's pride, His
3. We raise no hand for strife or war, We plead for peace for ev - 'ry land; But



gen - tle breeze that stirs each sail Pro - claims a - broad dear Freedom nigh.
life holds light in that dread hour, Since brave men for that flag have died.
love we al - way each bright star Each col - or, stripe and rainbow strand.

CHORUS.



Blue - field, thy stars for - ev - 'ry State; Thy crimson stripes, thy peer - less white,



Wave now o'er us, while our cho - rus Swells, our watchword, God and Right!

THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH.

FELICIA HEMANS.

MISS BROWNE, arr.

1. The break - ing waves dash'd high On a stern and rock - bound coast,
2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true - heart - ed came;

ALTO.

3. A - mid the storm they sang, The stars heard and the sea!
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?

The woods a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch - es tossed;
Not with the roll of stir - ring drums, Or trump that sings of fame,

The sound - ing aisles of wood - land rang With an - thems of the free,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!

The heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,
Nor as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear,

The o - cean ea - gle soared O'er roll - ing wave's white foam,
Ay, call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod;

When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On wild New Eng - land's shore.
They shook the depths of des - ert's gloom With hymns of lof - ty cheer.

The rock - ing pines in for - est roar'd, To bid them wel - come home.
They left unstained what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

35

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

IN UNISON OR IN PARTS.

Maestoso.

1. When Freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the a-zure
 2. Flag of the free heart's hope and home, By an-gel hands to val-or giv'n, Thy stars have lit the
 3. For-ev-er float that standard sheet, Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soil be-

dim.

robe of night, And set the stars of glo-ry there— And set the stars of glo-ry there!
 wel-kin dome, And all thy hues were born in heav'n— And all thy hues were born in heav-en.
 neath our feet, And Freedom's ban-ner streaming o'er us— And Free-dom's ban-ner streaming o'er us.

p p cres. f f cres. molto e rit. sf

MARCH OF THE MEN OF COLUMBIA.

Words by H. A. CLARKE.

Harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY.

SOPRANO.

1. From the hill - side, from the hol - low, Do you hear like rush-ing bil - low,
 2. Lo, the ty - rant's days are num-bered, Lib - er - ty no lon - ger slum - bers,

ALTO.

TENOR.

1. From the hill - side, from the hol - low, Do you hear like rush-ing bil - low,
 2. Lo, the ty - rant's days are num-bered, Lib - er - ty no lon - ger slum - bers,

BASS.

ACCOMP.

Wave on wave, that surging follow, Till they shake the ground? Hail this day of hap-py o - men,
 Er - ror dark no lon-ger cumbers, Ris - en is the sun. North and south, fell hate de-fy - ing,

Wave on wave, that surging follow, Till they shake the ground? Hail this day of hap-py o - men,
 Er - ror dark no lon-ger cumbers, Ris - en is the sun. North and south, fell hate de-fy - ing,

Used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

'Tis the tramp of gath'ring freemen, La-bor's hosts of sturdy yeomen, Swell th' exulting
East and west, with love un - dy - ing, All in friend-ship true are vie - ing, Firmly bound in

sound. Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we ral - ly un - der; The pla - cid sky, now
one. Loud - er swell the cho - rus, Till the wel-kin o'er us Re-flects a - gain the

bright on high, We'll rend with shouts like thunder. Onward press, our country needs us;
joy - ous strain, And dis - cord flies be - fore us. Onward press, our country needs us;

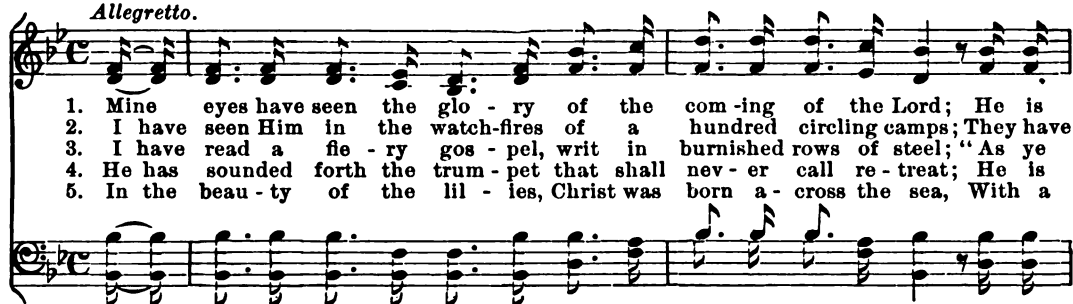
Onward press, 'tis glory leads us; Hark! the watchword high that speeds us, Freedom, God, and Right.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

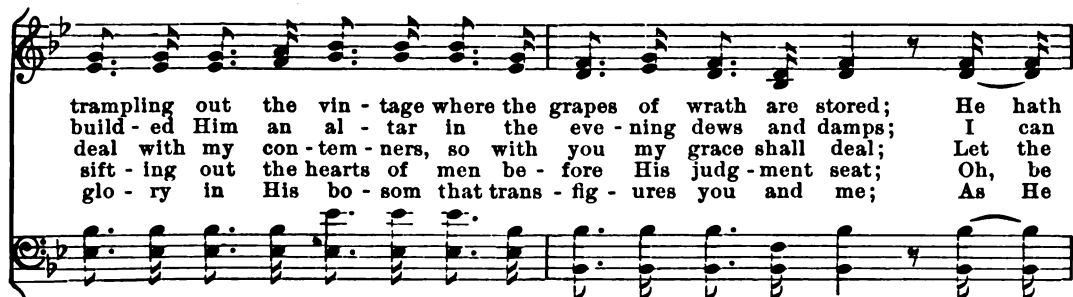
39

JULIA WARD HOWE.

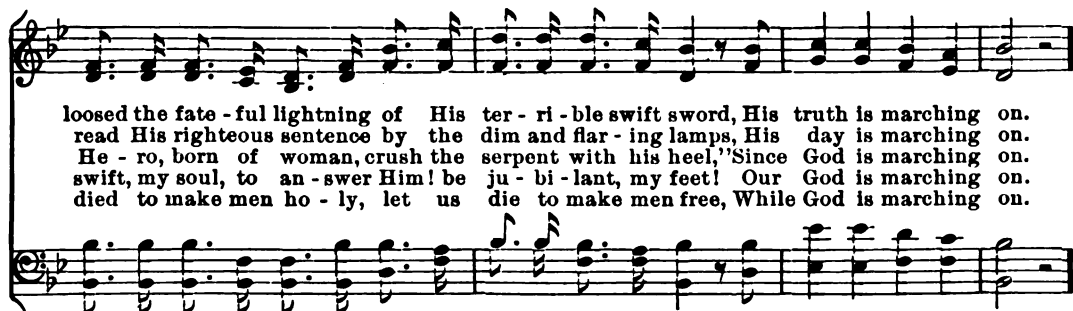
Allegretto.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
 He - ro, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, "Since God is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

FULL CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

NOTE:—This Song was inspired by a visit of Mrs. Howe to the "Circling Camps" around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capital, early in the War of 1861—5.

"GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND."

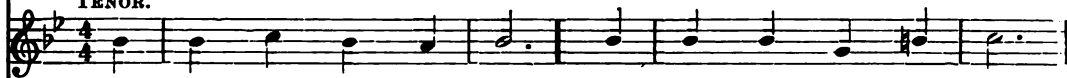
Words and Music by S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN.

SOPRANO & ALTO.



1. God bless our na - tive land, On this firm shore we stand,
2. Send us Thy truth and love, Guide us to look a - bove,

TENOR.



3. This hymn of praise we sing, To God, the migh - ty King,

BASS.



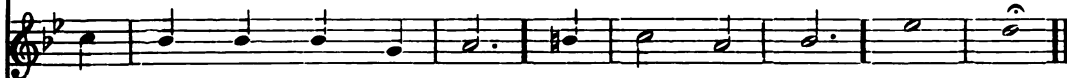
For Free - dom's rights, Let us a - rise in might, Dis - pel the shades of night,
For all we need, Show us the way to go, From Thee all mer - cies flow!



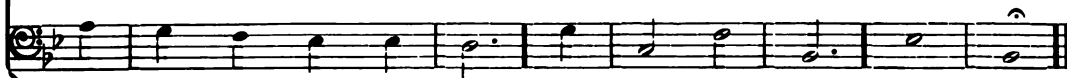
Enthroned a - bove! May He our na - tion guide, From ev - 'ry dan - ger hide,



And ban - ish them for light And truth, we pray. A - MEN.
Teach us Thy Name to know, For this we pray. A - MEN.



And with us still a - bide To shield and bless! A - MEN.



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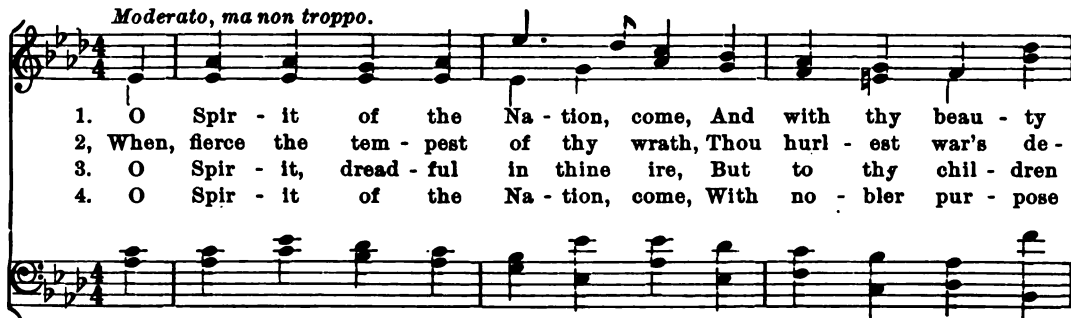
O SPIRIT OF THE NATION, COME.

41

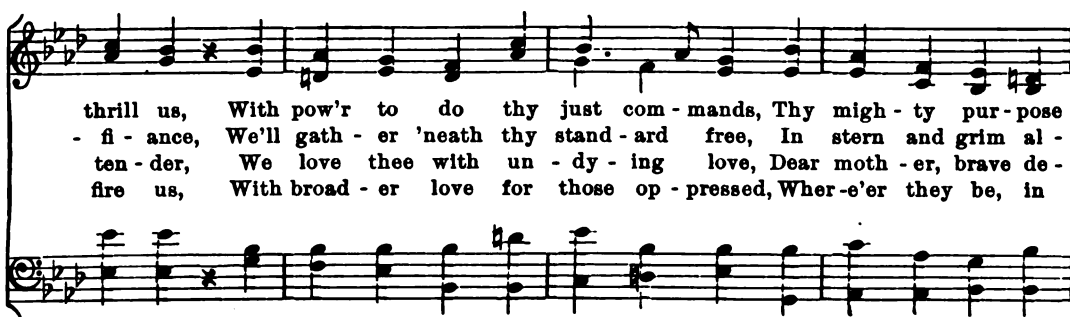
JAMES GEDDES.

JOHN W. TUTTS.

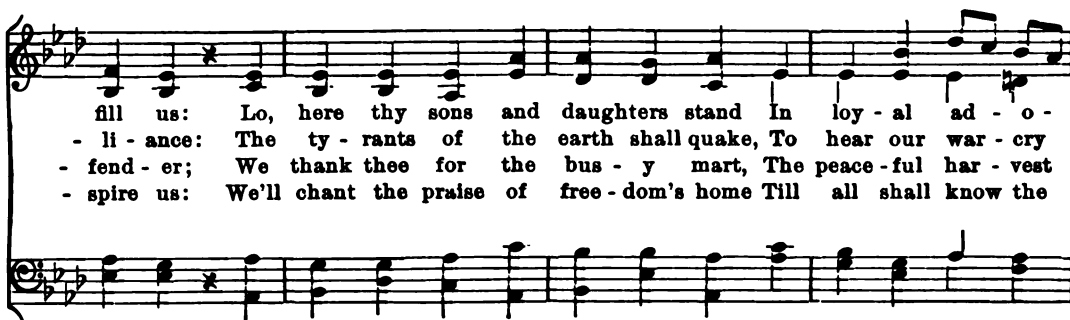
Moderato, ma non troppo.



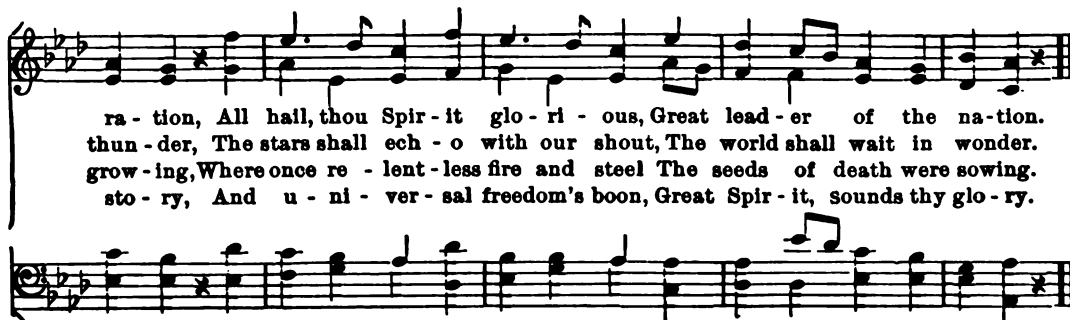
1. O Spir - it of the Na - tion, come, And with thy beau - ty
 2. When, fierce the tem - pest of thy wrath, Thou hurl - est war's de -
 3. O Spir - it, dread - ful in thine ire, But to thy chil - dren
 4. O Spir - it of the Na - tion, come, With no - bler pur - pose



thrill us, With pow'r to do thy just com - mands, Thy migh - ty pur - pose
 - fi - ance, We'll gath - er 'neath thy stand - ard free, In stern and grim al -
 ten - der, We love thee with un - dy - ing love, Dear moth - er, brave de -
 fire us, With broad - er love for those op - pressed, Wher - e'er they be, in



fill us: Lo, here thy sons and daughters stand In loy - al ad - o -
 - li - ance: The ty - rants of the earth shall quake, To hear our war - cry
 - fend - er; We thank thee for the bus - y mart, The peace - ful har - vest
 - spire us: We'll chant the praise of free - dom's home Till all shall know the

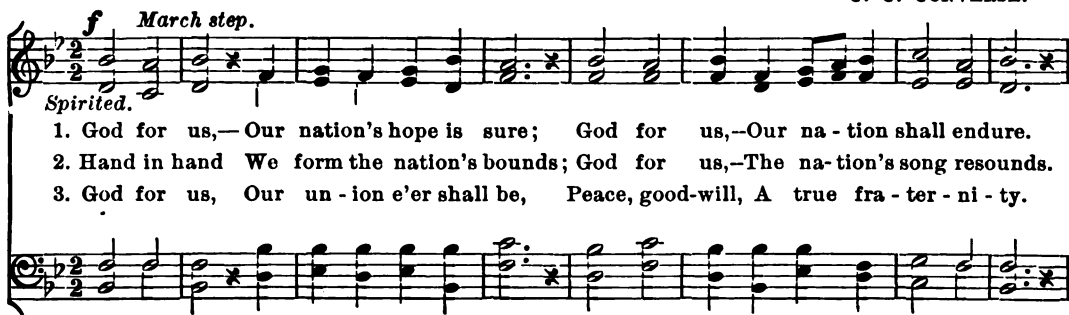


ra - tion, All hail, thou Spir - it glo - ri - ous, Great lead - er of the na - tion.
 thun - der, The stars shall ech - o with our shout, The world shall wait in wonder.
 grow - ing, Where once re - lent - less fire and steel The seeds of death were sowing.
 sto - ry, And u - ni - ver - sal freedom's boon, Great Spir - it, sounds thy glo - ry.

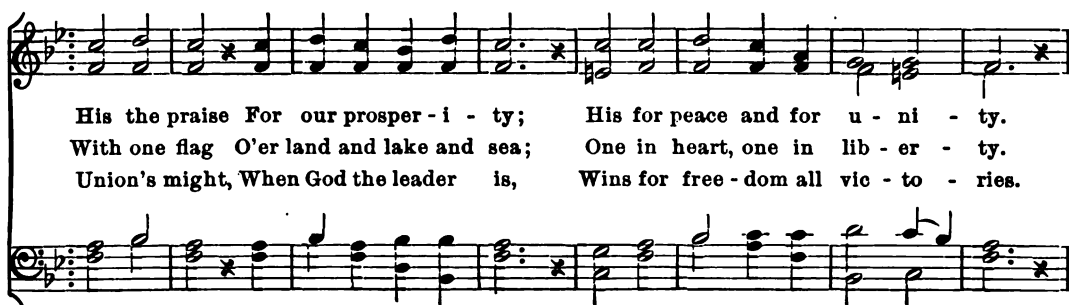
GOD FOR US.

C. C. CONVERSE.

f *March step.*
Spirited.

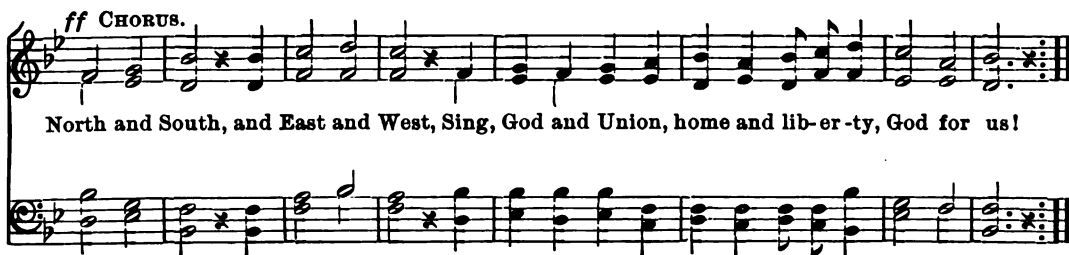


1. God for us,—Our nation's hope is sure; God for us,—Our na - tion shall endure.
 2. Hand in hand We form the nation's bounds; God for us,—The na - tion's song resounds.
 3. God for us, Our un - ion e'er shall be, Peace, good-will, A true fra - ter - ni - ty.



His the praise For our prosper - i - ty; His for peace and for u - ni - ty.
 With one flag O'er land and lake and sea; One in heart, one in lib - er - ty.
 Union's might, When God the leader is, Wins for free - dom all vic - to - ries.

ff *CHORUS.*



North and South, and East and West, Sing, God and Union, home and lib - er - ty, God for us!

f *Bugle Prelude, if desired. Spirited.*



f *Bugle Interlude.*



f *Bugle Interlude.*



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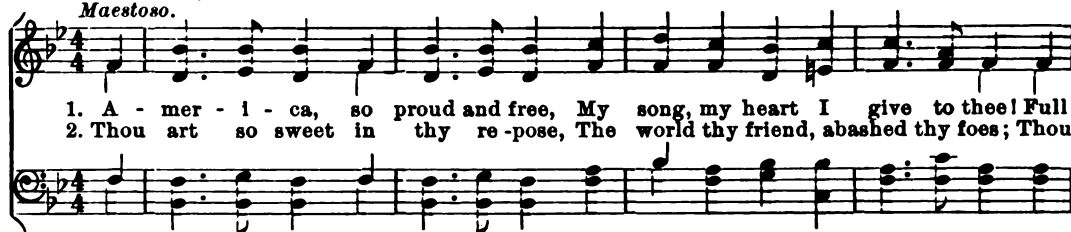
LONG LIVE, LONG LIVE AMERICA!

43


J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. H. PONTIUS.

Maestoso.



1. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I give to thee! Full
2. Thou art so sweet in thy re - pose, The world thy friend, abashed thy foes; Thou



high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine ea - gle eye is on the sun; Still
seek - est not the bat - tle - plain, Thy fields wave with the gold - en grain; The



up - ward be thy heav'nward flight, Still up - ward mount, till lost in light, Still
sheaves which thou dost gar - ner in, Come with the harvest's mer - ry din, Come



upward mount till lost in light. } A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I
with the harvest's mer - ry din. }



give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer - i - ca! Long live, long live A - mer - i - ca.

emphatic.

3 For gladness floats on every breeze,
From city streets, from forest trees;
And when rings out toll's bell at noon,
Thy heart with joy is all in tune;
It thrills thine every vital chord,
For labor here has sure reward.

4 America, so proud and free,
I give my song, my heart to thee!
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly
In every clime, 'neath every sky;
Still rise a yeoman race, to stand
For God and home, and native land!

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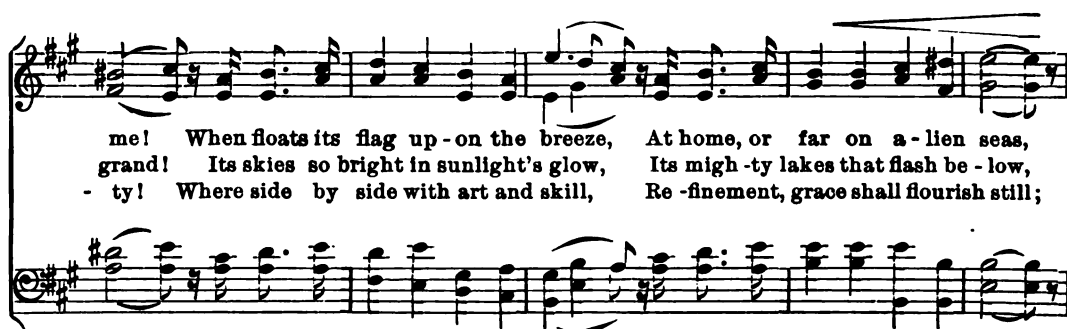
MY NATIVE LAND.

W. W. CALDWELL.

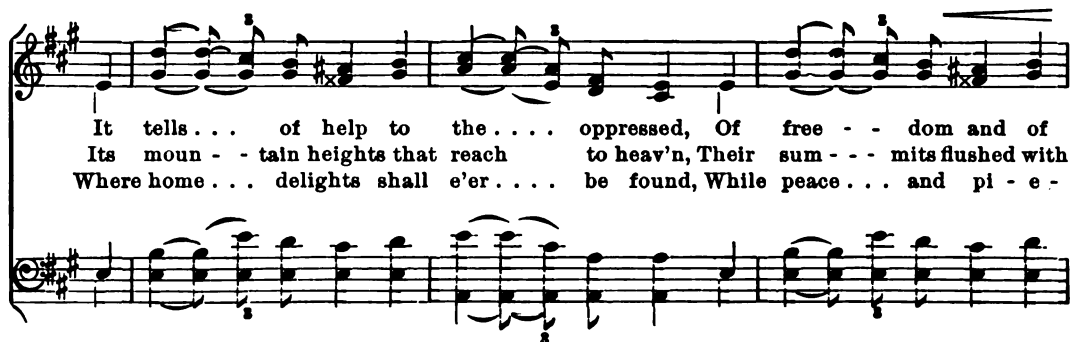
L. B. MARSHALL.

Alla Marcia.

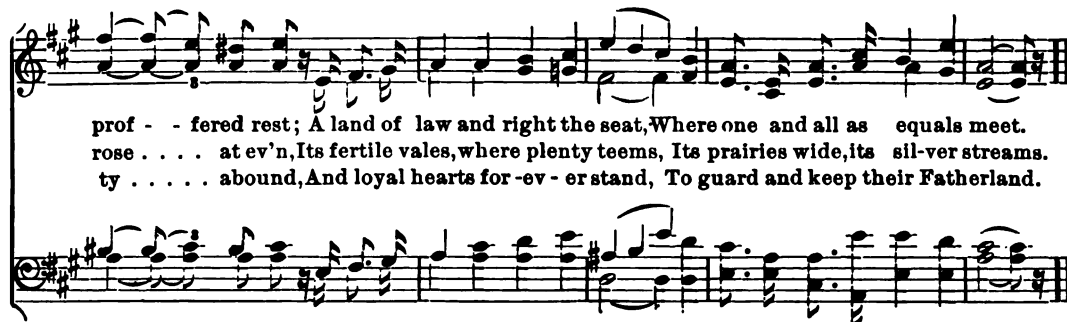

1. My Na - tive Land! What words can be So full of joy and pride to
 2. My Na - tive Land! No oth - er land Can seem so beau - ti - ful and
 3. My Na - tive Land! Long may it be The shrine of truth and lib - er -



me! When floats its flag up-on the breeze, At home, or far on a - lien seas,
 grand! Its skies so bright in sunlight's glow, Its migh - ty lakes that flash be - low,
 - ty! Where side by side with art and skill, Re - finement, grace shall flourish still;



It tells . . . of help to the . . . oppressed, Of free - - dom and of
 Its moun - - tain heights that reach to heav'n, Their sum - - mits flushed with
 Where home . . . delights shall e'er . . . be found, While peace . . . and pi - e -



prof - - fered rest; A land of law and right the seat, Where one and all as equals meet.
 rose . . . at ev'n, Its fertile vales, where plenty teems, Its prairies wide, its sil - ver streams.
 ty abound, And loyal hearts for - ev - er stand, To guard and keep their Fatherland.

OUR COUNTRY.

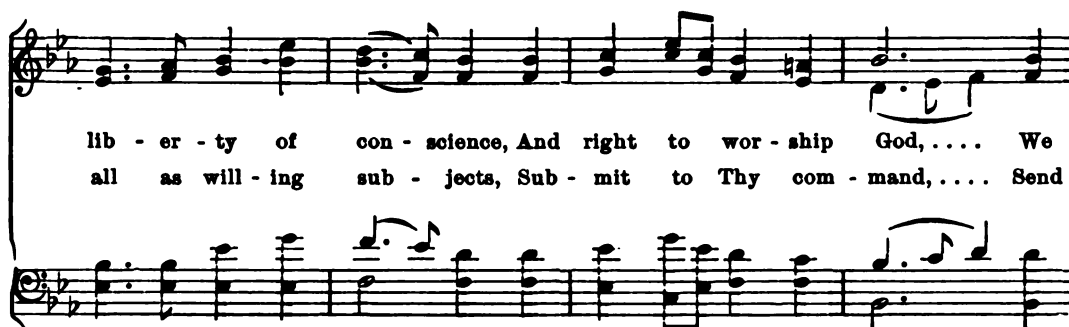
45

J. HARRY DEEMS.

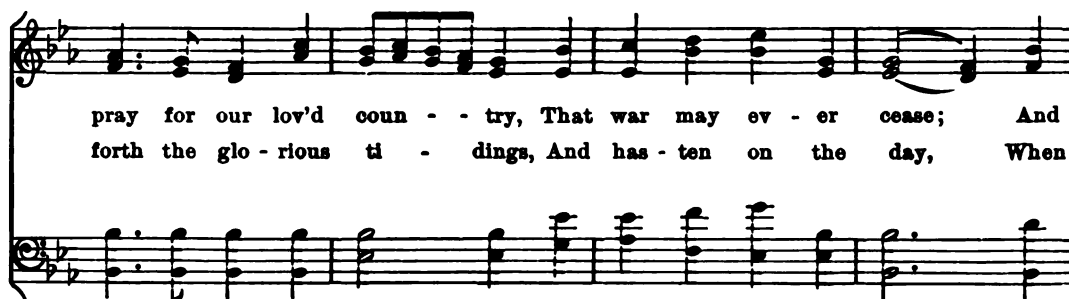
Maestoso.



1. We'll thank thee for our coun - try, The land our Fa - thers trod; For
2. Soon may the gra - cious scep - tre Ex - tend to ev - 'ry land, And



lib - er - ty of con - science, And right to wor - ship God, We
all as will - ing sub - jects, Sub - mit to Thy com - mand, Send



pray for our lov'd coun - - try, That war may ev - er cease; And
forth the glo - rious ti - dings, And has - ten on the day, When



lib - er - ty and Un - ion, Pre - vail and still in - crease.
ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Shall own Thy glo - rious sway.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the

warlike thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 blade, the bowl, Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

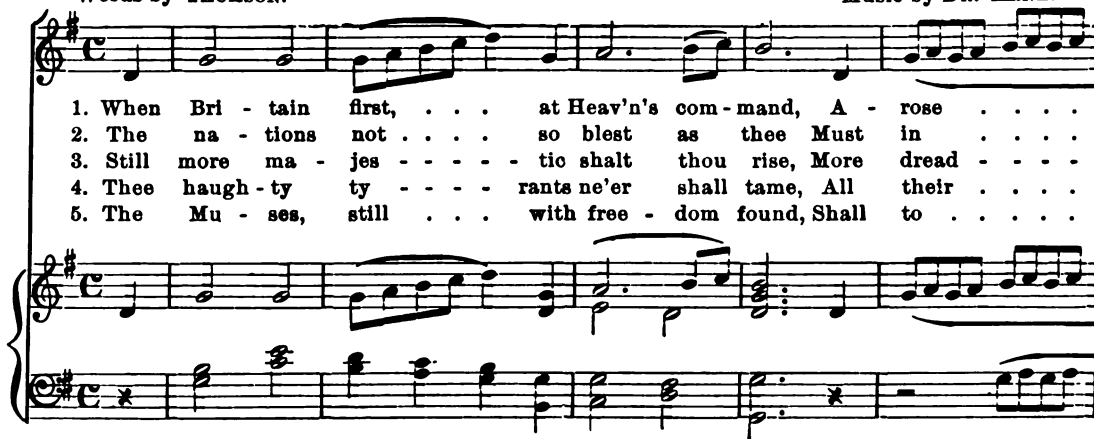
3 I see no blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland! my Maryland!
 Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland! my Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

4 I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland! my Maryland!
 The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
 Maryland! my Maryland!
 Come! to thine own heroic throng,
 That stalks with Liberty along,
 And ring thy dauntless slogan song.
 Maryland! my Maryland!

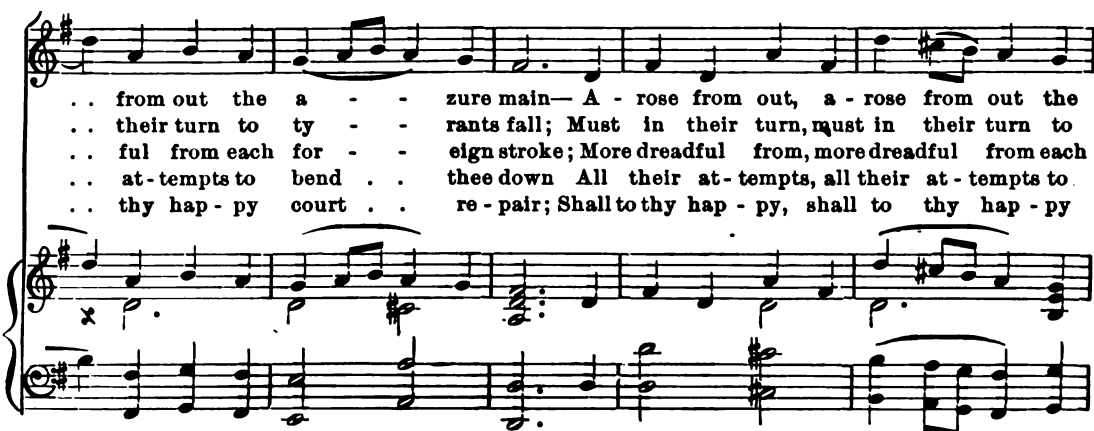
RULE, BRITANNIA.

Words by THOMSON.

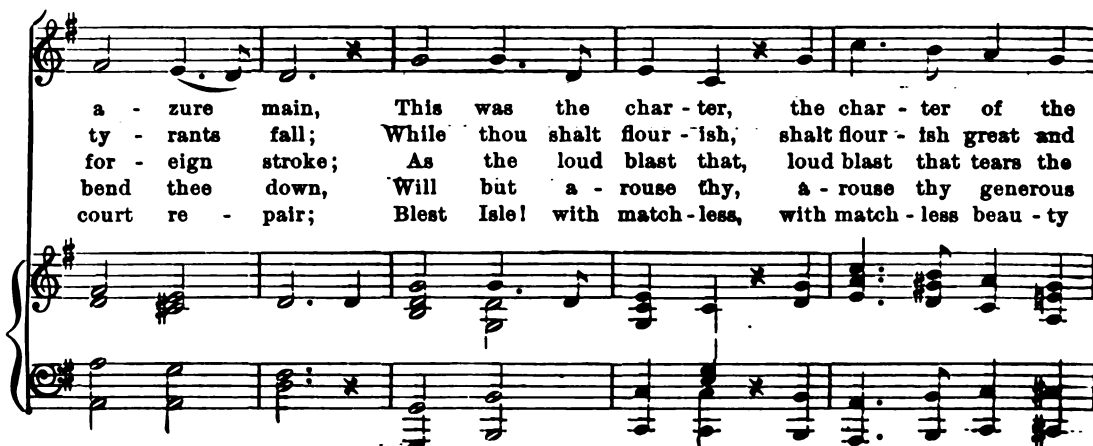
Music by DR. ARNE.



1. When Bri - tain first, . . . at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee Must in
 3. Still more ma - jes - - - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - -
 4. Thee haugh - ty ty - - - rants ne'er shall tame, All their
 5. The Mu - ses, still . . . with free - dom found, Shall to



.. from out the a - - zure main— A - rose from out, a - rose from out the
 .. their turn to ty - - rants fall; Must in their turn, must in their turn to
 .. ful from each for - - eign stroke; More dreadful from, more dreadful from each
 .. at-tempts to bend . . thee down All their at-tempts, all their at-tempts to
 .. thy hap - py court . . re - pair; Shall to thy hap - py, shall to thy hap - py



a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the
 ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and
 for - eign stroke; As the loud blast that, loud blast that tears the
 bend thee down, Will but a - rouse thy, a - rouse thy generous
 court re - pair; Blest Isle! with match - less, with match - less beau - ty

land, And guar - dian an - - - gels sang this strain;
free, The dread and en - - - vy of them all.
skies Serves but to root . . . thy na - tive oak.
flame, But work their woe, . . . and thy re - nown.
crown'd, And man - ly hearts . . . to guard the fair.

The first system of the musical score for 'Rule, Britannia!'. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

f CHORUS.

"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia rule the waves!"

The chorus section of the musical score. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves!

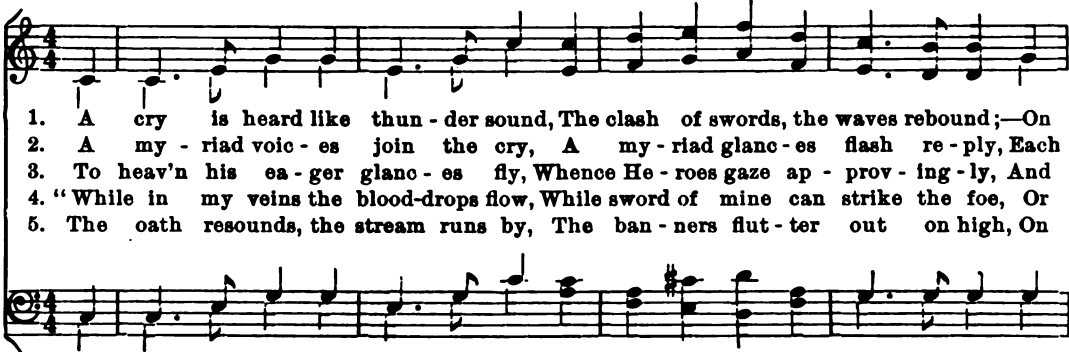
The final line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

THE WATCH BY THE RHINE.

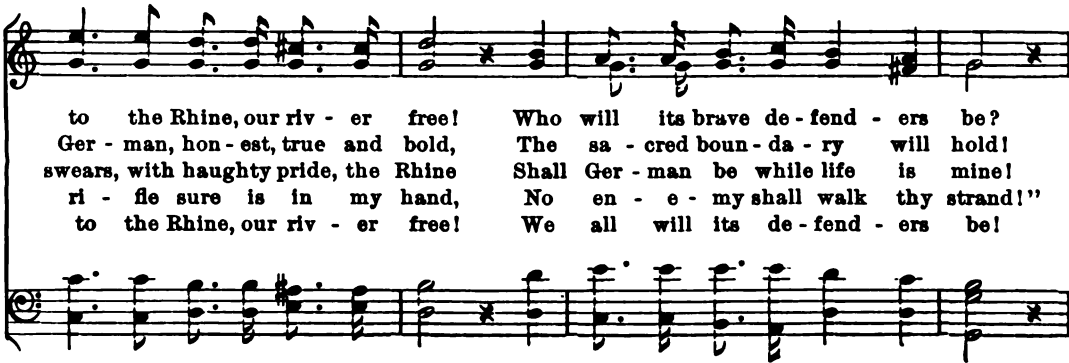
49

Words by MAX SCHENKENBERGER.

Music by CARL WILHELM, 1854.



1. A cry is heard like thun - der sound, The clash of swords, the waves rebound;—On
 2. A my - riad voic - es join the cry, A my - riad glanc - es flash re - ply, Each
 3. To heav'n his ea - ger glanc - es fly, Whence He - roes gaze ap - prov - ing - ly, And
 4. "While in my veins the blood-drops flow, While sword of mine can strike the foe, Or
 5. The oath resounds, the stream runs by, The ban - ners flut - ter out on high, On



to the Rhine, our riv - er free! Who will its brave de - fend - ers be?
 Ger - man, hon - est, true and bold, The sa - cred boun - da - ry will hold!
 swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine Shall Ger - man be while life is mine!
 ri - fle sure is in my hand, No en - e - my shall walk thy strand!"
 to the Rhine, our riv - er free! We all will its de - fend - ers be!



1-5 Dear Fa - therland, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - therland, may peace be thine! Fast stands and



sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine, Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine.


AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Words by A. J. FOXWELL.


Music by FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

Maestoso.



1. Land of greatness! Home of glo - ry! Mighty birthplace of the free! Famed a -
 2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing, Ev - 'ry heart with lof - ty aim, Now our
 3. Homes by safe de - fence sur - rounded, Rights which make our free - dom sure, Laws on



- like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee. North and South are firm - ly
 em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame. So shall love and truth un -
 e - qual justice found - ed, These will loy - al - ty se - cure. While with love and zeal un -



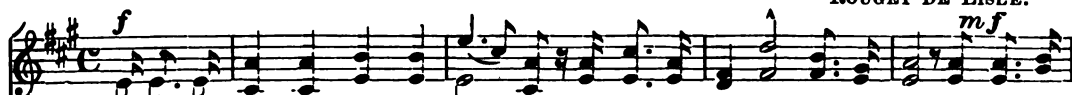
band - ed, East and West as one u - nite; All by hon - or well commanded, Strong in
 shak - en, Stur - dy cour - age, honest worth, Mighty ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the
 ceas - ing, We are join - ing heart and hand, Shine, in brightness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, O



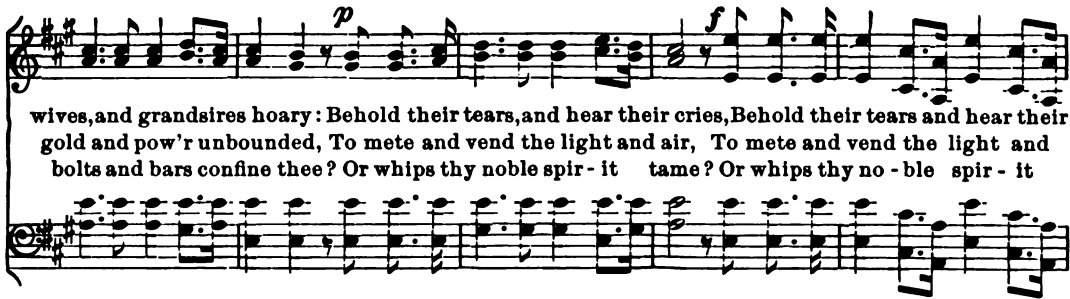
striv - ing for the right, All by hon - or well commanded, Strong in striv - ing for the right.
 far - thest bounds of earth, Mighty echoes still a - wak - en, To the farthest bounds of earth.
 dear - est Fatherland, Shine, in brightness yet increasing, Shine, O dear - est Fatherland.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

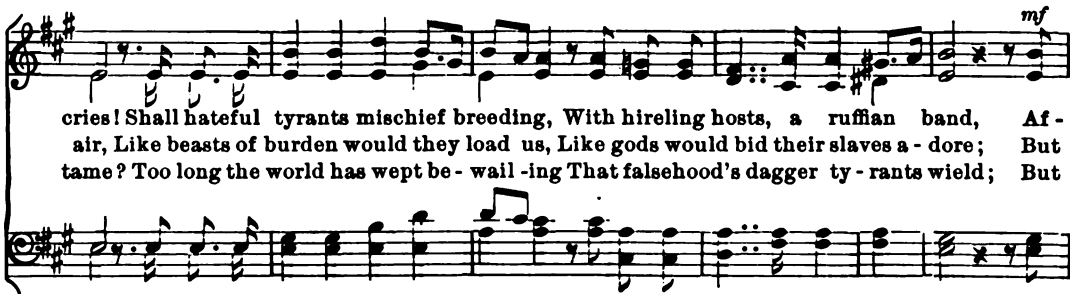
ROUGET DE LISLE.



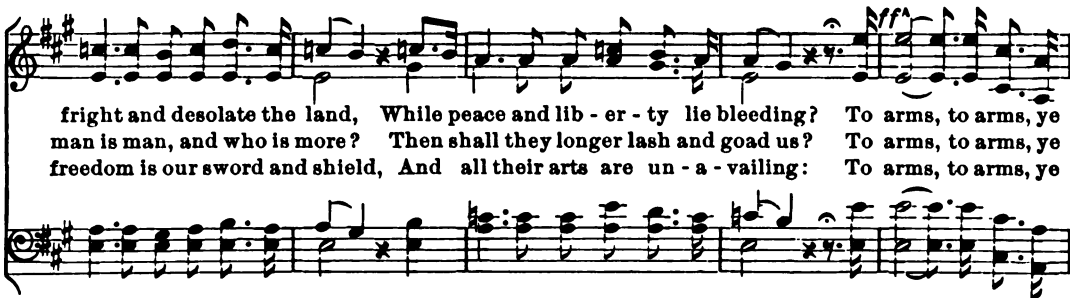
1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glory! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - satiate despots dare, Their thirst for
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,



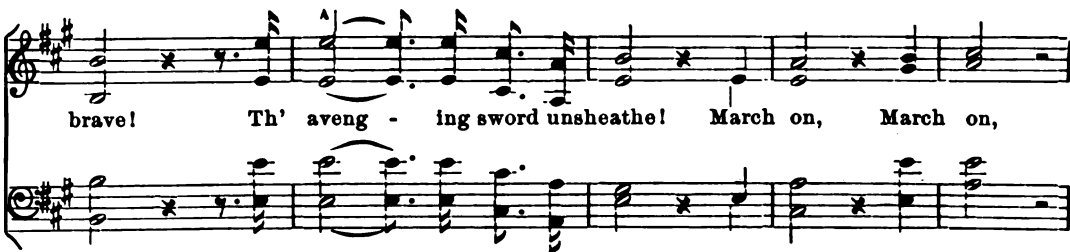
wives, and grandsires hoary: Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their
gold and pow'r unbounded, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and
bolts and bars confine thee? Or whips thy noble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it



cries! Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, Af -
air, Like beasts of burden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But
tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dagger ty - rants wield; But



fright and desolate the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye
freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vailing: To arms, to arms, ye



brave! Th' aveng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, March on,



all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death!

LET HIM IN WHOM OLD DUTCH BLOOD FLOWS.

NATIONAL AIR OF HOLLAND.

Maestoso.

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un - taint - ed, free and strong; Whose
 2. We broth - ers true un - to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A -



3. Pre - serve, O God, the dear old ground, Thou to our fa - thers gave; The
 4. Loud ring through all re - joic - ings here, Our prayer, O Lord, to Thee! Pre -



- heart for Prince and coun - try glows, Now join us in our song; Let
 way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for - get! A -



- land where we a cra - dle found, And where we'll find a grave! We
 serve our Prince, his House, so dear To Hol - land, great and free! From



- him with us lift up his voice, And sing in pa - triot band The song at which all
 hu - man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We turn him from our hand, Who cal - lous hears the



- call, O Lord, to Thee on high, As near death's door we stand, Oh, safe - ty, bless - ing,
 youth thro' life, be this our song, Till near to death we stand; O God, pre - serve our



cres.

hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther - land— For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
 song and prayer, For Prince and Fa - ther - land— For Prince and Fa - ther - land.

is our cry, For Prince and Fa - ther - land— For Prince and Fa - ther - land.
 sov - ereign long, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land— Our Prince and Fa - ther - land.

ITALIAN HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1716—1796.

SOP. I. & II.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy name to sing;
 2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heaven and earth a - dored,

ALTO.

3. Nev - er from us . . . de - part; Rule Thou in ev - - ery heart,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good

Hence, ev - er - more, Thy sov - ereign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.

glo - ry see! And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

PEOPLE'S SONG.

R. NORDRAAK.

f *Tempo di marcia.*

1. Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion, Nor - way's moun - tain domes,
2. Peas - ants all their ax - es brightened, Read - y for the foe;

Ris - ing storm-lashed o'er the o - cean, With their thou - sand homes;
Tor - denskjold in bat - tle. light - en'd, Set the land a - glow.

p

Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing Thoughts to fa - thers grand, And to
E - ven wo - men did as - sem - ble On the blood - y plain, Oth - ers

cres.

Sa - ga night that's send - ing Dreams up - on our land, And to
could but weep and trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in vain, Oth - ers

dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.

Sa - ga night that's send - ing, Send - ing, send - ing dreams up - on our land.
could but weep and trem - ble, Trem - ble, trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in vain.
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.

send - ing dreams up - on our land.
trem - ble, yet 'twas not in vain.

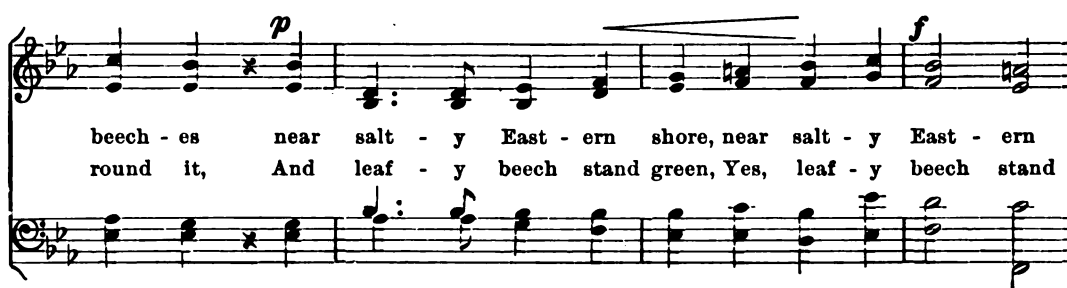
DANISH NATIONAL HYMN.

55

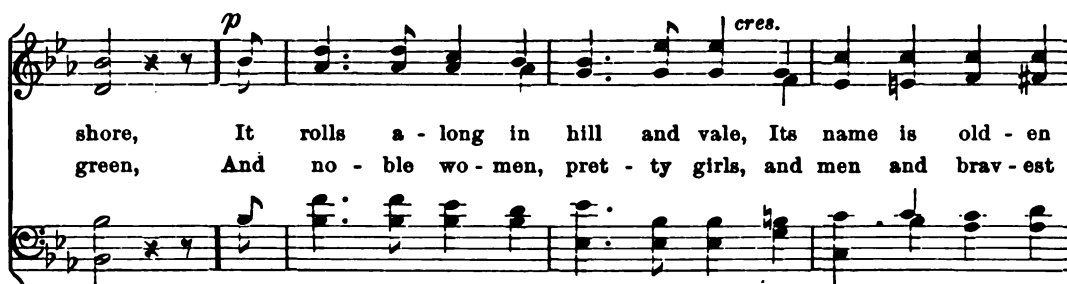
KROGER.



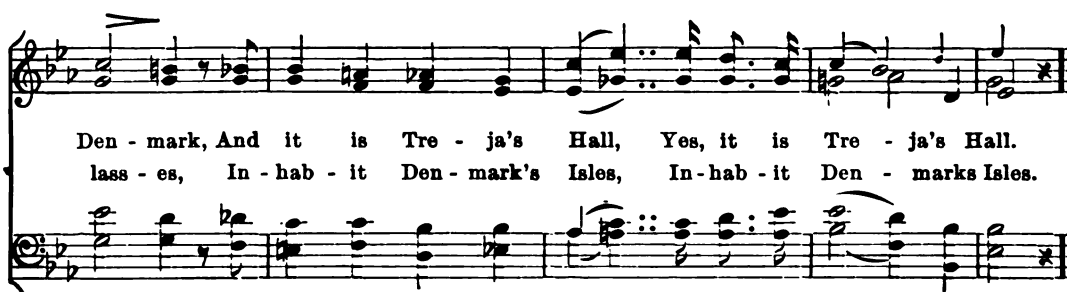
1. There is a love - ly land, It stands with leaf - y
2. This land is still as grand, For blue, the waves sur -



beech - es near salt - y East - ern shore, near salt - y East - ern
round it, And leaf - y beech stand green, Yes, leaf - y beech stand



shore, It rolls a - long in hill and vale, Its name is old - en
green, And no - ble wo - men, pret - ty girls, and men and brav - est



Den - mark, And it is Tre - ja's Hall, Yes, it is Tre - ja's Hall.
lass - es, In - hab - it Den - mark's Isles, In - hab - it Den - marks Isles.

SWEDISH NATIONAL HYMN.

TO KING OSCAR.

O. LINDBLAD.

With energy.

1. In Ru - nic meas - ure, full and strong, Let heart and voice u - nite in song, To



2. O King! enthron'd in ma - jes - ty, Let thine the tru - est glo - ry be, For



3. Let heavenly fa - vor now descend, Our monarch's glo - rious course at - tend, And



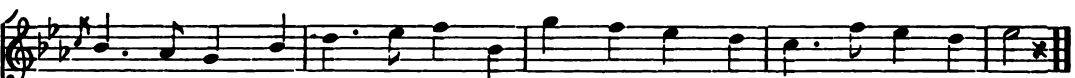
hail our Swed - ish King! To thee, and to thy roy - al line, Our zeal, our loves shall



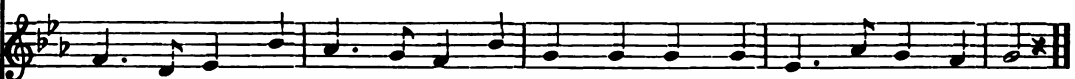
Swed - en's weal to reign. Then heav'n thy em - pire shall assure, Whose shields the state, and



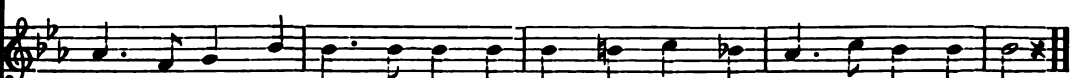
bless the Nor - thern land, As when in he - ro days of yore, Our fathers fought on



e'er in - cline, So bright thy king - ly crown doth shine, Great Os - car, thee we sing!



guards the poor, Full long in pow'r shall he en - dure, And foes as - sult in vain.



yon - der shore, Or, conquering, sail'd the dark seas o'er To many a dis - tant strand.



CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

57

NATIONAL AIR OF SWEDEN.

DU PUY.



1. Charles John, our brave King Is home-ward re - turn - ing; Each
2. Ha! when our brave King In bat - tle is lead - ing; To



3. All hail, O dear King! Thou rais - est thy na - tion, From
4. Long live our brave King! That free from op - pres - sion, In




heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
fame we are speed-ing! His prais - es we'll sing. In peace he is



all trib - u - la - tion, And plen - ty dost bring. Our cares thou dost
free - dom's pos - ses - sion, To him we may sing. 'Mongst Kings thou art




tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
glo - rious, In war he's vic - to - rious, Charles John, our brave King!



light - en, Our homes thou dost bright - en, All hail, O dear King!
peer - less, Of he - roes most fear - less, Long live our brave King!



SWITZERLAND.

FR. KONRAD MUELLER.

IGNAZ HEIM.



1. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, It is not large, it
 2. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, That aye with love and



3. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, Where myr - iad lakes and
 4. I know a won - drous love - ly Land, That firm - ly holds me



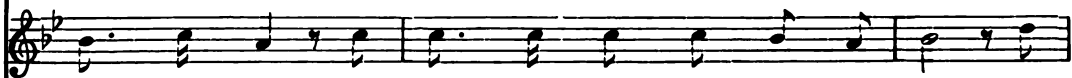
is not small, Its sure de - fence is God's own hand, Whose bless - ing ev - er
 pleas - ure glows, Up - on whose mountain sum - mits grand The ten - der Al - pine



stream-lets flow, White gleam the Alps on ev - ery hand, Be - decked with their e -
 night and day, And com - passed by the same dear band, Glad youths and maid - ens



there doth fall! And ev - er there from year to year Doth
 Rose - let blows! And there the ea - gle fear - less sweeps, And



ter - nal snow! And hid be - neath are dwell - ings seen, O'er
 sing al - way, While hill and val - ley ech - o well The





Lib - er - ty at home ap - pear. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,
thun - der - ing the ava - lanche leaps. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,



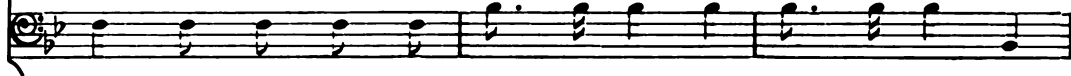
spread with shingles moss - y green. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,
song of Win - kel - ried and Tell. Oh, there a - lone, there would I be,



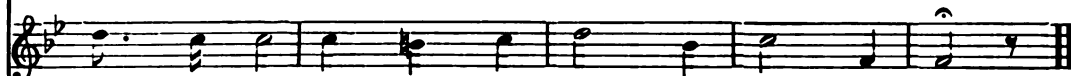
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there



With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there
With you, my friends, so dear to me— Oh, there a - lone, there



would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.
would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.

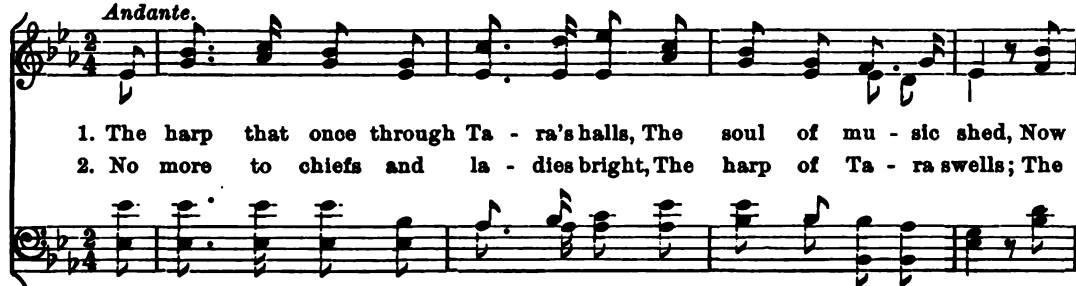


would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.
would I be, With you, my friends, so dear to me.

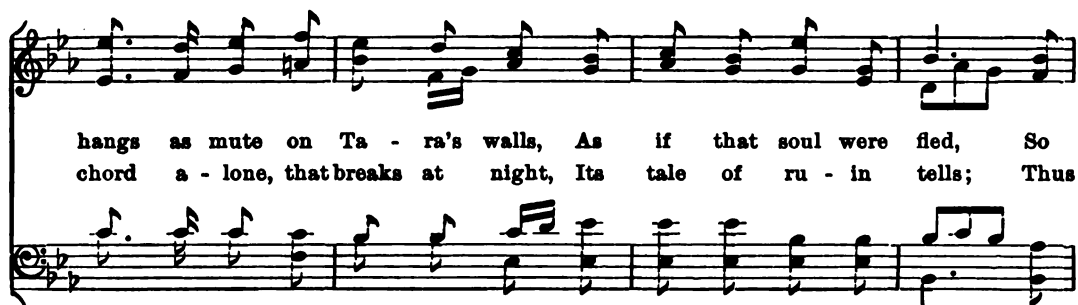


THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

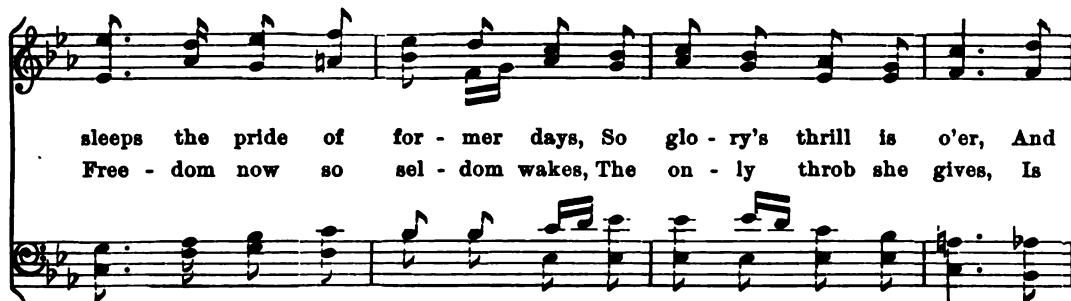
THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.


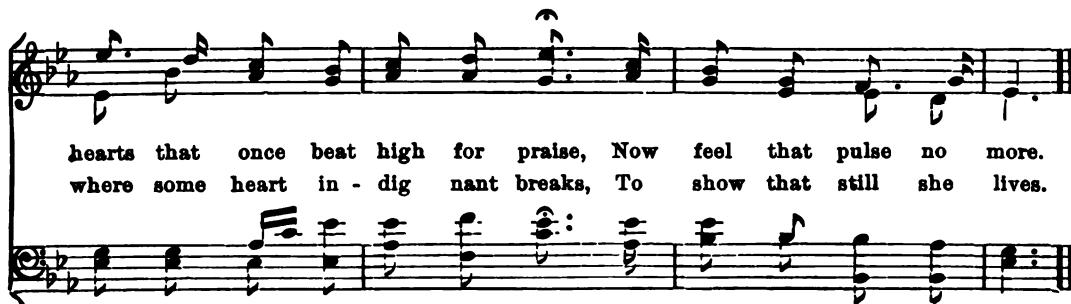
1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The



hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled, So
chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus



sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is




hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

61

THOMAS MOORE.

p



1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a -
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . on the
 3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de -



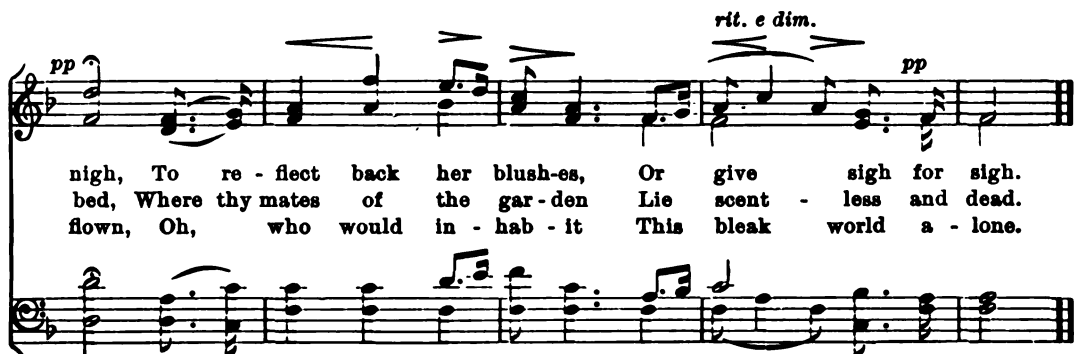
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
 stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing Go, sleep . . thou with
 cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . drop a -

rit. e dim.



gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
 them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
 way! When true hearts lie with - ered, And fond ones are


pp *rit. e dim.* *pp*



nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
 flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

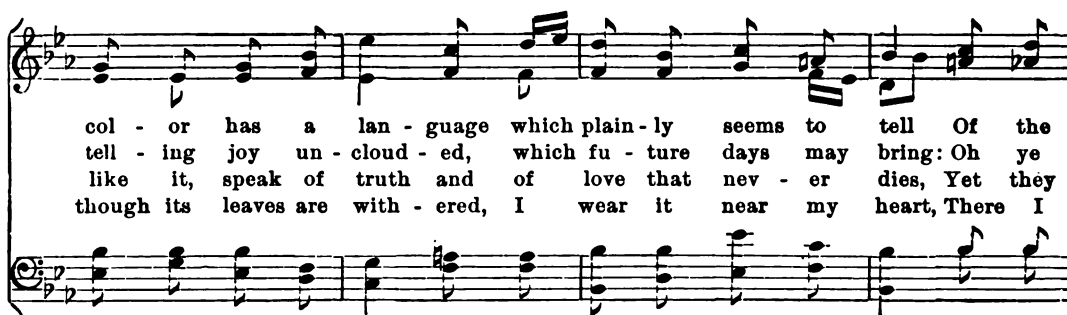
MRS. JORDAN, arr.



1. Of all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell, Of
 2. Its form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Its
 3. Its hue is the hue of those beam - ing, bon - nie eyes—Its
 4. A Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part— A



all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell; Its
 form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring; Fore -
 hue is the hue of those beam - ing, bon - nie eyes, That,
 Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part, And



col - or has a lan - guage which plain - ly seems to tell Of the
 tell - ing joy un - cloud - ed, which fu - ture days may bring: Oh ye
 like it, speak of truth and of love that nev - er dies, Yet they
 though its leaves are with - ered, I wear it near my heart, There I



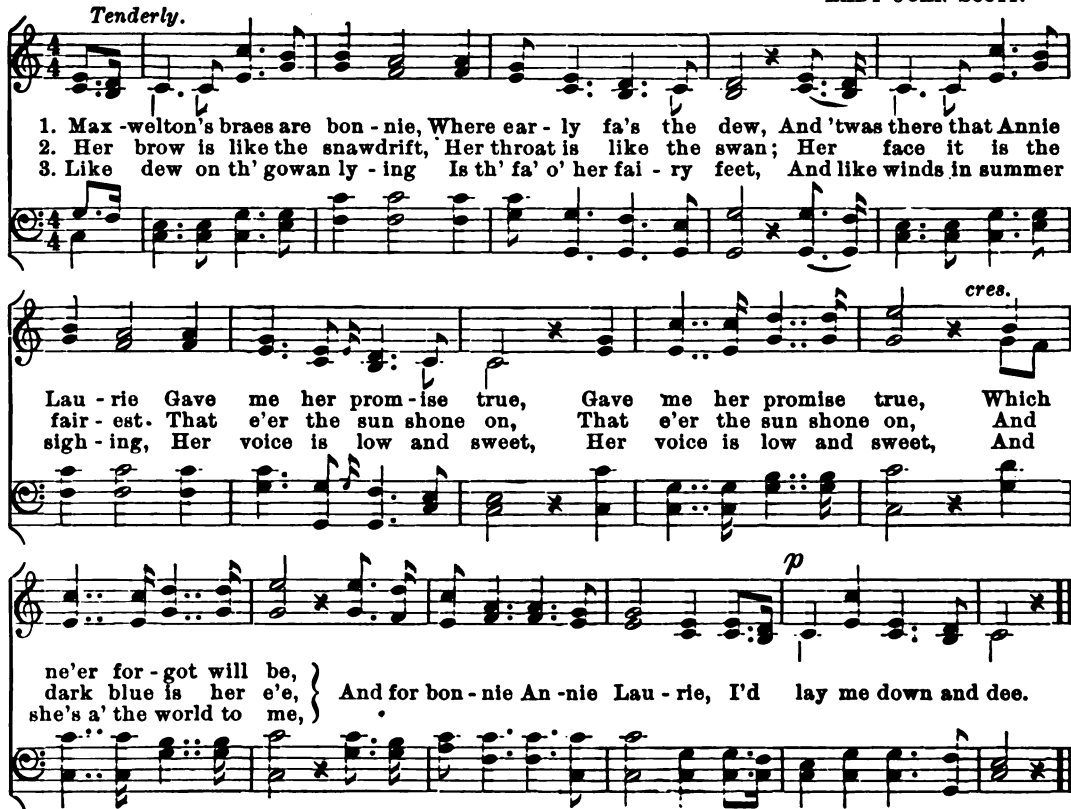
one that's a - far and to say he loves me well.
 birds sing - ing yon - der, of those sweet days ye sing.
 still look to Scot - land from far - off for - eign skies.
 keep it and fan - cy that near me still thou art.

ANNIE LAURIE.

63

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

Tenderly.



1. Max-welton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie
 2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
 3. Like dew on th'gowan ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fai-ry feet, And like winds in summer

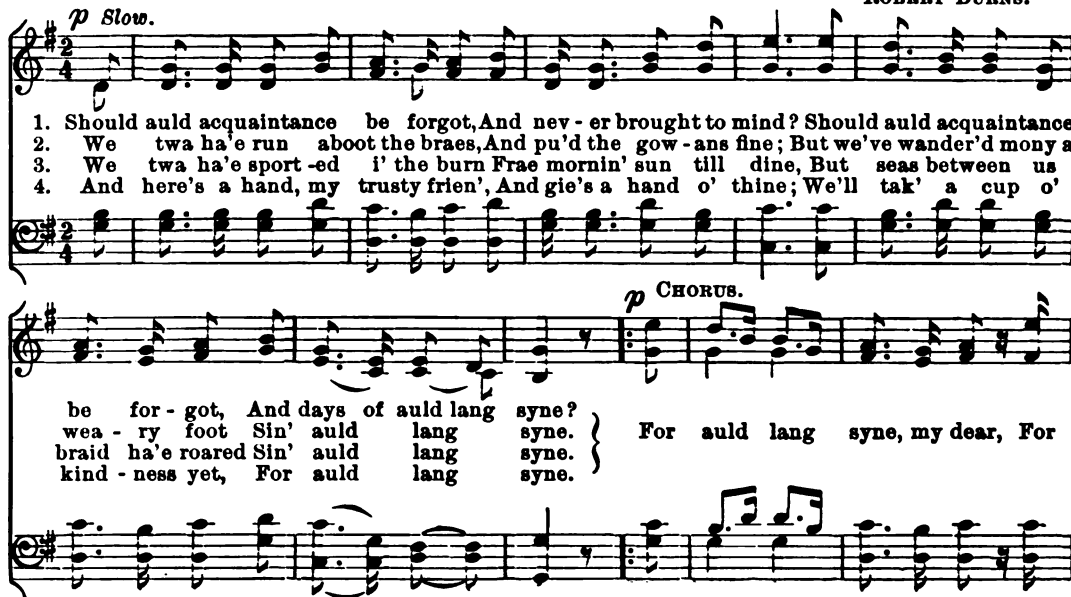
Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her promise true, Which
 fair-est. That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And

ne'er for-got will be, } And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, }
 she's a' the world to me, }

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

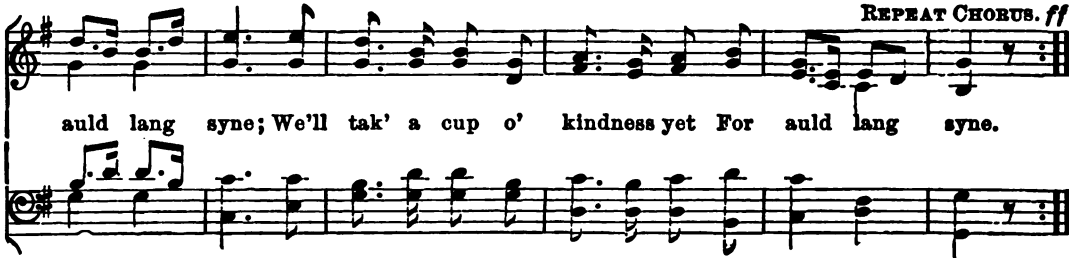
p Slow.



1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run aboot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
 4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

p CHORUS.
 be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? }
 wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. }
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. }

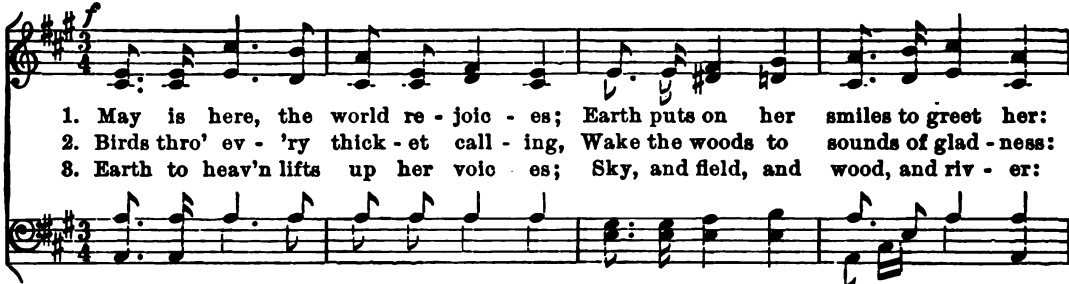
REPEAT CHORUS. *ff*



auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

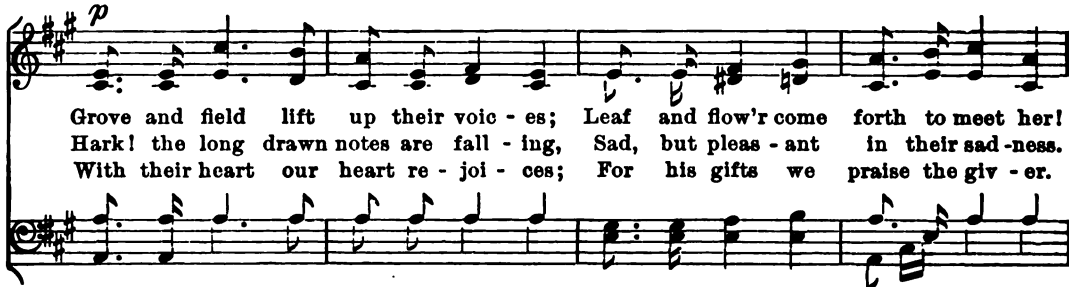
POLISH MAY SONG.

POLISH AIR.




1. May is here, the world re - joic - es; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
 2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick - et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness:
 3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voic - es; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:

p



Grove and field lift up their voic - es; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
 Hark! the long drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.
 With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For his gifts we praise the giv - er.

f *p*



Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!



Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

RUSSIAN NATIONAL AIR.

ALEXIS LVOFF, 1799-1780.

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy
 2. God the All - mer - ci - ful earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of
 3. God the All - righteous One! Man hath de - fied Thee; Yet to e -
 4. God the All - wise! by the fire of Thy chas - toning Earth shall to

clar - ions, the light - nings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou
 bles - sed-ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a -
 ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word; False-hood and wrong shall not tar - ry be -
 free - dom and truth be re - stored; Through the thick darkness Thy king - dom is

reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
 wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
 side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
 has - tening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, 1806-1872.

THE BUGLER.

Arr. by G. F. WILSON.
From PINSUTI.

Andantino.

p staccato.

rit.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking at the end. The left staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature, playing a supporting accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. A 'p staccato.' (piano, staccato) marking is placed above the first few notes. The piece concludes with a final 'rit.' marking.

SOLO, OR VOICES IN UNISON.

f

1. The bu - gler paced thro' the driv - ing snow, By the fro - zen riv - er to
2. The wind blows cold from the froz - en tide; Hark! Hark! the foe on the
3. He raised him - self in the blood-stained snow, And proud - ly he faced the

The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. Below the staff, three verses of lyrics are provided, each corresponding to a line of the melody.

watch the foe; Be - hind him in camp his com - rades lay,
oth - er side; A - cross the ice they are march - ing fast, And the
com - ing foe, He seized his bu - gle and blew with pride One

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and a 4/4 time signature. It provides harmonic support for the vocal melody with chords and moving lines. The left staff has a bass clef, a key signature of three flats, and a 4/4 time signature, playing a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. The piece ends with a final chord in both staves.

Wounded and spent from the morning's fray, from the morn - ing's fray!
 bu - gler blows a stir-ring blast, a stir - ring blast.
 grand, long blast, and fell and died, and fell and died.

His or - ders ran "when thou seest the foe, Three loud blasts on thy bu - gle
 And now! and now! they are at the shore! Loud - ly the bu - gle rang once
 His comrades came when the fight was past, They found him clasp - ing his bu - gle

blow," Those were his or - ders; he'd keep them well, Gal - lant - ly,
 more; He raised his bu - gle a - gain to blow, A shot from the
 fast, Dead at his post. in the ice and snow, His old face

faith - ful - ly till he fell,
 en - e - my laid him low.
 turned as he met the foe.

f rall. *p a tempo.* *poco cres.*

CHORUS.
SOPRANO & ALTO.
Grandioso.

1. *f* Stea - dy and slow, Pac - ing the snow, Stal - wart old bu - gler,
2. *p* There in the snow, Li - eth he low, Gal - lant old bu - gler,
3. *f* There let him rest, He shall be blest, Gal - lant old bu - gler,

TENOR & BASS.

watch - ing the foe! Stea - dy and slow, Pac - ing the
shot by the foe! There in the snow, Li - eth he
brav - est and best! There let him rest, He shall be

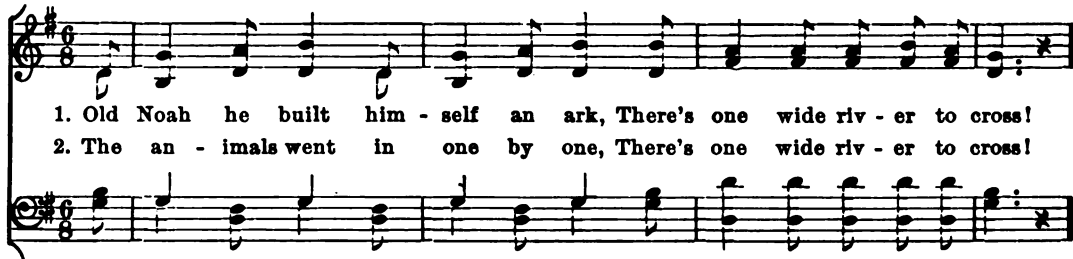
snow, Stal - wart old bu - gler, watch - ing the foe.
low, Gal - lant old bu - gler, shot by the foe.
blest, Gal - lant old bu - gler, brav - est and best.

rit. assai.

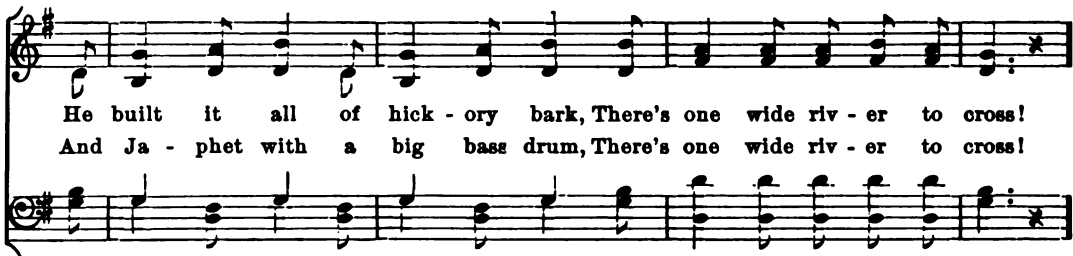
cres.

NOAH'S ARK.

69



1. Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
2. The an - imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross!



He built it all of hick - ory bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
And Ja - phet with a big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross!

CHORUS.



There's one wide riv - er, and that wide riv - er is Jor - dan,



There's one wide riv - er, There's one wide riv - er to cross.

- 3 The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo.
- 4 The animals went in three by three,
The Hippopotamus and the Bumble Bee.
- 5 The animals went in fives by fives,

- Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives.
- 6 And as they talked of this and that,
The ark it bumped on Arrarat.
- 7 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there AIN'T!

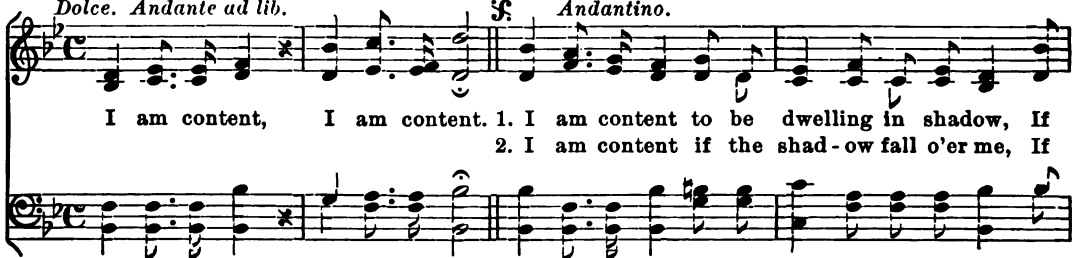
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I AM CONTENT.

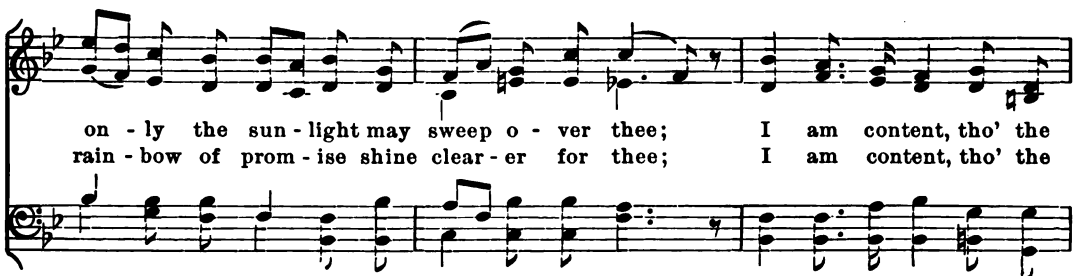
MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

C. H. SAINTON.

Dolce. Andante ad lib. *Andantino.*



I am content, I am content. 1. I am content to be dwelling in shadow, If
2. I am content if the shad-ow fall o'er me, If



on - ly the sun - light may sweep o - ver thee; I am content, tho' the
rain - bow of prom - ise shine clear - er for thee; I am content, tho' the



thorns be a - round me, If on - ly the ro - ses be showered on thee.
cas - ket be emp - ty, If on - ly the jew - el have fall - en on thee.



I am content, tho' the north winds be cru - el, If sweet southern breez - es be
I am content with the des - o - late val - ley, If on - ly the song birds are



com - fort - ing thee; I am con - tent to a - bide in the dark - ness, If
sing - ing to thee; I am con - tent to drink drops of en - joy - ment, If

D. S. CODA. Andante ad lib.

on - ly the starlight shine brighter for thee. I am content, I am content.
on - ly the foun-tain fall free - ly for thee.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Translated from the German, By L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1ST & 2ND TENOR. Andante. poco riten.

p *p* *poco riten.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are thronging, That

1ST & 2ND BASS. p

Crescendo e poco accel. al f

p *f* *p*

then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me, Fare -
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing, Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

cres.

Tempo 1. tranquillo e molto espress.

p *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

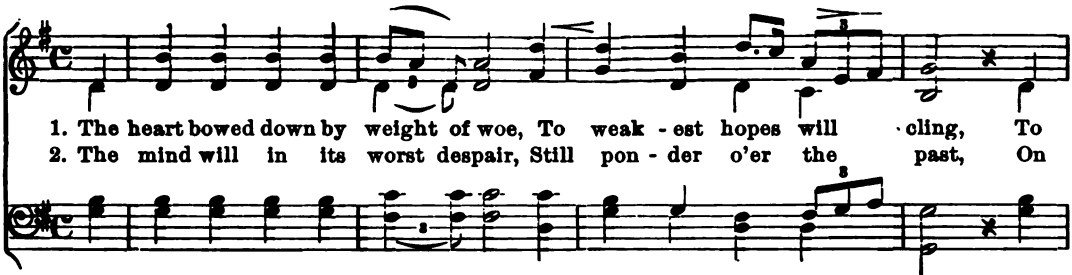
- well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
- well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
- well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

p *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

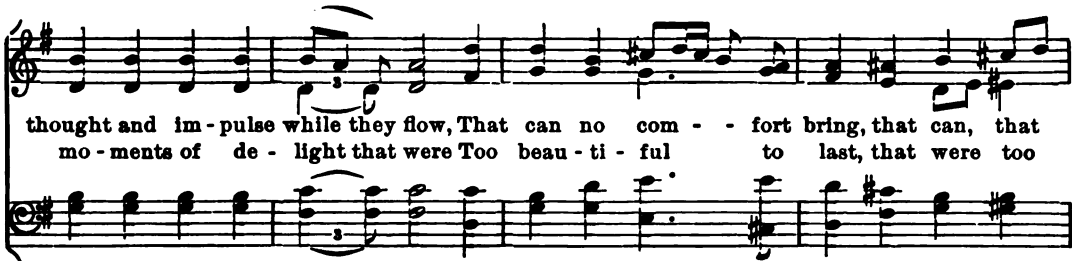
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THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

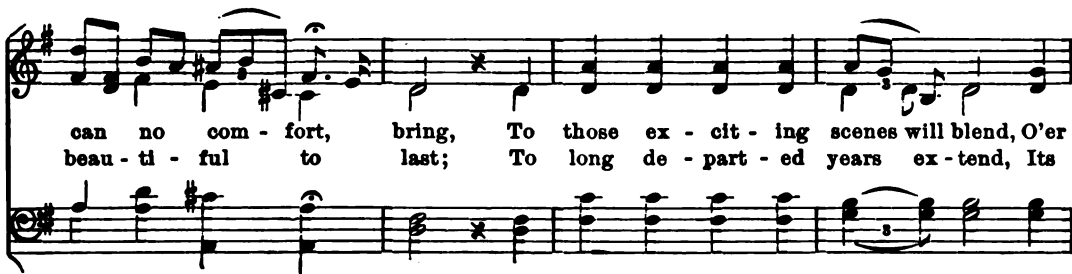
M. W. BALFE.
From "BOHEMIAN GIRL."



1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst despair, Still pon - der o'er the past, On



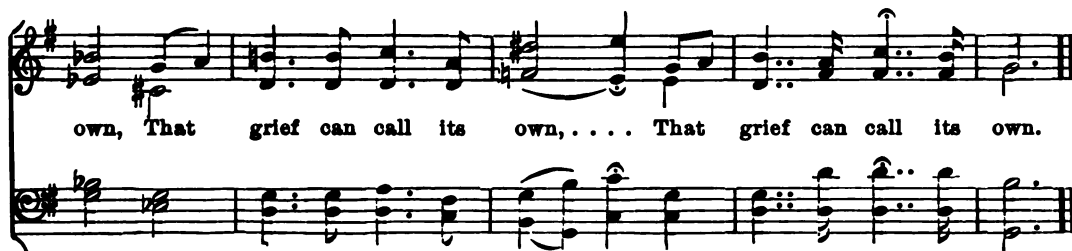
thought and im - pulse while they flow, That can no com - - fort bring, that can, that
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, that were too



can no com - fort, bring, To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau - ti - ful to last; To long de - part - ed years ex - tend, Its



pleasure's path - way thrown; But mem'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its
vis - ions with them flown; For mem'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its



own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

73

M. W. BALFE.

Andante Cantabile.

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall
 2. When cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they

tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
 prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your

well, There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some
 eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill

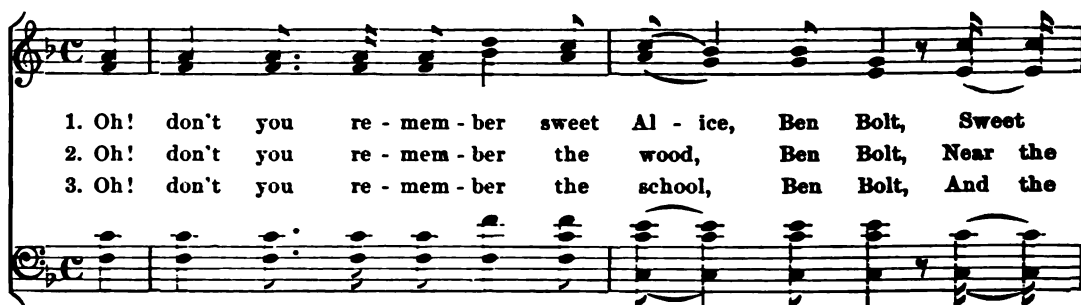
rec - ol - lec - tion be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And
 break your own to see: In such a mo - ment I but ask, That

you'll re - mem - ber me, . . . And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
 you'll re - mem - ber me, . . . That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

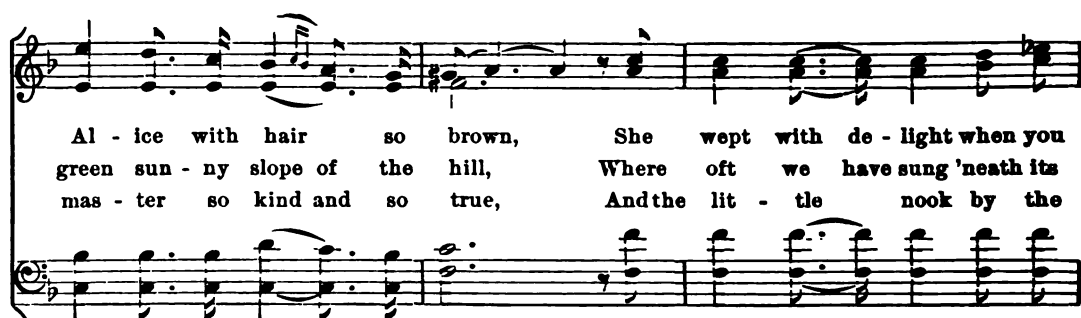
SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT.

NELSON KNEASS.

Arranged by Wm. HOWELL EDWARDS.



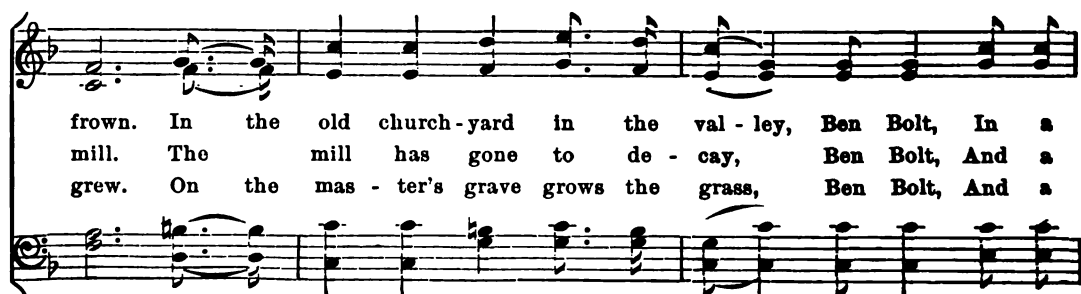
1. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
 2. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the
 3. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the



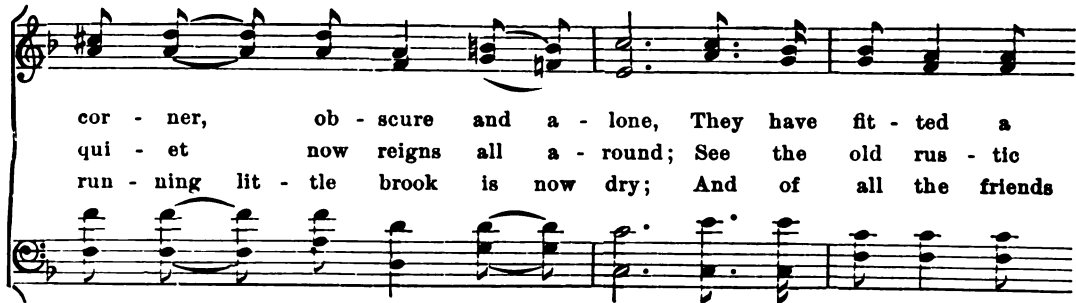
Al - ice with hair so brown, She wept with de - light when you
 green sun - ny slope of the hill, Where oft we have sung 'neath its
 mas - ter so kind and so true, And the lit - tle nook by the



gave her a smile, And trem - bled with fear at your
 wide spread - ing shade, And kept time to the click of the
 clear run - ning brook, Where we gath - er'd the flow'rs as they



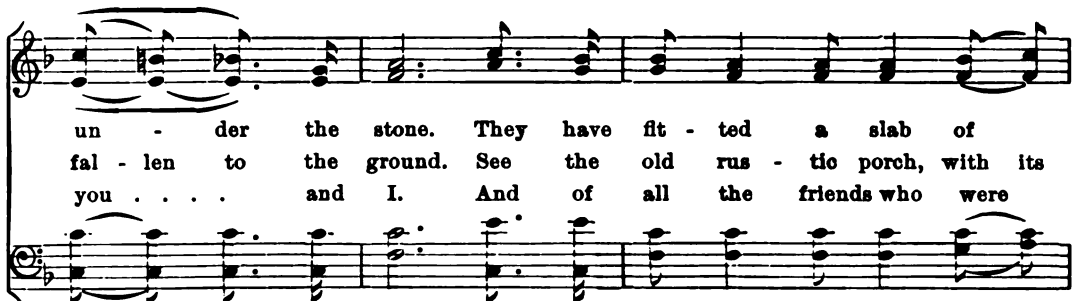
frown. In the old church - yard in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a
 mill. The mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt, And a
 grew. On the mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt, And a



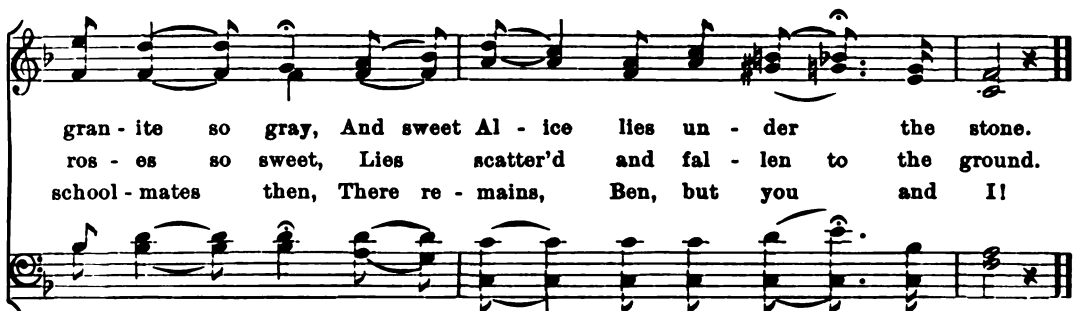
cor - ner, ob - scure and a - lone, They have fit - ted a
qui - et now reigns all a - round; See the old rus - tic
run - ning lit - tle brook is now dry; And of all the friends



slab of gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies
porch, with its ros - es so sweet, Lies scat - ter'd and
who were school - mates then, There re - mains, Ben, but



un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of
fal - len to the ground. See the old rus - tic porch, with its
you and I. And of all the friends who were



gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
ros - es so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fal - len to the ground.
school - mates then, There re - mains, Ben, but you and I!

OH, THEN MY LITTLE SOUL'S GWINE TO SHINE.

1. I'm gwine to join the great 'so-ci-a-tion, I'm gwine to join the great 'so-ci-a-tion,

I'm gwine to join the great 'so-ci-a-tion; Then my lit-tle soul's gwine to shine, shine,

Then my lit-tle soul's gwine to shine a-long, Oh, shine a-long.

2. I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder, Then my little soul, etc.
3. I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher, Then my little soul, etc
4. I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table, Then my little soul, etc.
5. I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey, Then my little soul, etc.
6. I'm gwine to tell God how-a you served me, Then my little soul, etc.
7. I'm gwine to join the big baptizin', Then my little soul, etc.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Words by HENRY CAREY.

TUNE: — "The Country Lass."

Slowly and Tenderly.

DR. ARNE'S arrangement.

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty
 2. Of all the days are in the week, I dear-ly love but

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our
one day, And that's the day that comes be - twixt A Sat - ur - day and

al - ley. There's ne'er a la - dy in the land Is half so sweet as
Mon - day. For then I'm dress'd in all my best, To walk a - broad with

Sal - ly: She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . . . al - ley.
Sal - ly: She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . . . al - ley.

3 When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up and, box and all,
I'll give unto my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

4 My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she I'd better be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally;
And then how happily we'll live —
But not in our alley.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tang - led wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew, { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The old oak-en
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well,

buck - et; the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cover'd buck - et—that hung in the well.

2 That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

BUT WHEN MORNING DAWNETH.

79


FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A. RANDEGGER, arr.

p



1. Sad - ly bend the flow - ers, In the heav - y rain;
2. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like cloud and night,





Af - ter beat - ing show - ers, Sun - beams come a - gain.
Wait for God's to - mor - row; All will then be bright.





Lit - tle birds are si - lent All the dark night through;
On - ly wait and trust Him, Just a lit - tle while;



rit.



But when morn - ing dawn - eth, Their songs are sweet and new.
Aft - er eve - ning tear - drops Shall come the morn - ing smile.



GOOD-NIGHT.

MALE VOICES.

f Sostenuito.

1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams

Allegro.

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

OLD ENGLISH.

DR. ARNE'S arrangement.

Boldly.

1. You Gen - tle - men of Eng - land, That live at home at
 2. The sail - or must have cour - age, No dan - ger must he

ease, How lit - tle do you think up - on The dan - gers of the
shun; In ev' - ry kind of weath - er His course he still must

seas: Give ear un - to the ma - ri - ners, And they will plain - ly
run; Now mount - ed on the top - mast, How dread - ful 'tis be -

show All the cares and the fears When the storm - y winds do blow.
low! Then we ride, as the tide, When the storm - y winds do blow.

3 Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is toss'd by waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be our graves;
Then up aloft she's mounted,
And down again so low,
In the waves on the seas,
When the stormy winds do blow

4 But when the danger's over,
And safe we come on shore,
The horrors of the tempest
We think about no more;
The flowing bowl invites us,
And joyfully we go,
All the day drink away,
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

OLD BLACK JOE.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends

from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,

CHORUS.

I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm coming, I'm com-ing,

For my head is bending low; I hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

2 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 CHO.—I'm coming, etc.

3 Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
 The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 CHO.—I'm coming, etc.

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FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

83

MEDELSSOHN.

p Andante non lento.

S.
&
A.

1. Thou for - est broad and sweeping, Fair work of na - ture's God, Of all my joy and
2. Who right - ly scans thy beau - ty, A so - lemn word shall read Of love, of truth and
3. Ah! soon must I for - sake thee, My own, my shelt'ring home, In sor - row soon be -

T.
&
B.

p *cres.*

weep - ing, The con - se - crate a - bode! Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,
du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have read them of - ten,
take me, In yon vain world to roam. And there the word re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,
And I have read..... them of - ten,
And there the word..... re - call - ing,

f *pp*

Mur - murs in vain a - larms, O might I wan - der nev - er From thy pro - tect - ing
Those words so true and clear, What heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re -
Thy so - lemn les - sons teach, 'Mid care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall

might I wan - der nev - er, Oh,
heart that would not soft - en, What
care and dan - ger fall - ing, 'Mid
From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
dim. No harm my soul shall reach.

arms!
vere,
reach,

Oh, might I wan - der nev - er, From thy..... pro - tect - ing arms!
What heart that would not soft - en Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
'Mid care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm..... my soul shall reach.

From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.

might I wan - der nev - er
heart that would not soft - en
care and dan - ger fall - ing,

84 BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

MALE QUARTETTE.

THOMAS MOORE.

SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

SOPRANO.



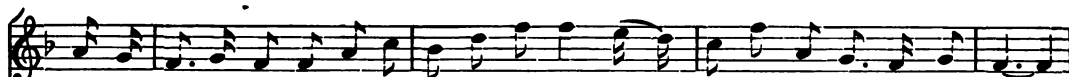
1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day,

TENOR.



2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek unprofaned by a tear,

BASSES.



Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way!



That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear!



Thou would'st still be adored as this moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will;



Oh! the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er forgets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close;

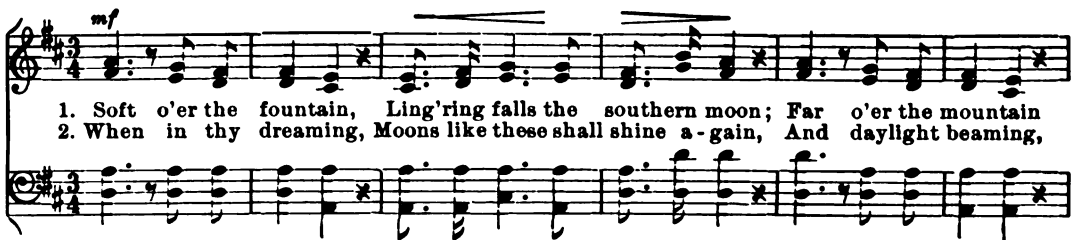




And around the dear ru-in, each wish of my heart, Would entwine itself verdant - ly still.

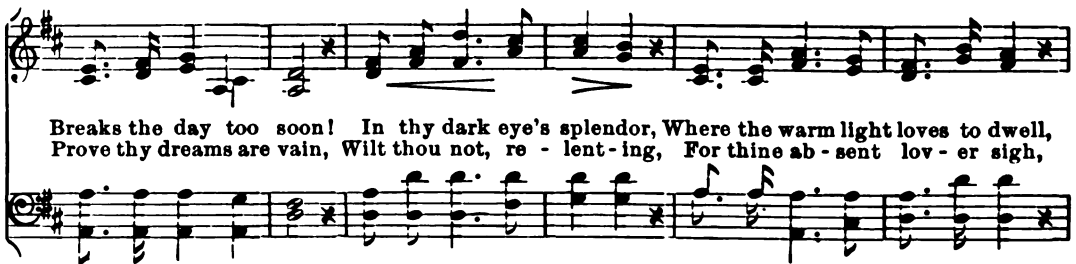
As the sunflow-er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

JUANITA.

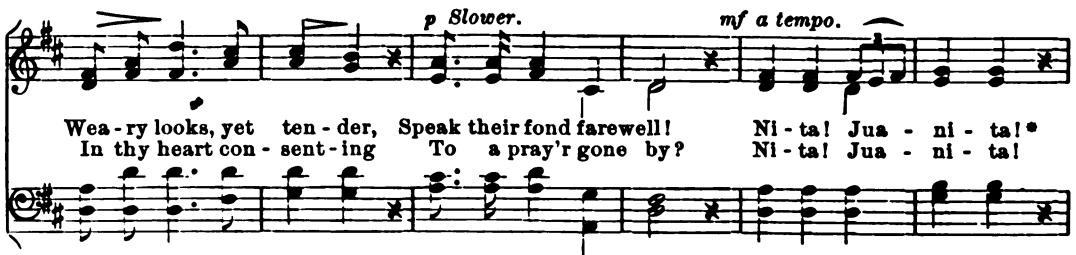


mf

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And daylight beaming,



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,



p Slower. *mf a tempo.*

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond farewell! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!*
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



Tenderly. rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Wah-ne-ta.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

C. PINSUTI.

Allegro moderato.

1. What is the meaning of the song That sings so clear and loud,
 2. What is the meaning of thy thought, O maiden fair and young,
 3. Oh, happy words, at beauty's feet, We sing them ere our prime,

Thou nightingale a
 There is such pleasure
 And when the early

- mid the copse, Thou lark a - bove the cloud? Thou lark a - bove the cloud? What
 in thine eyes, Such mu - sic on thy tongue? Such mu - sic on thy tongue? There
 summers pass, And care comes on with time, And care comes on with time, Still

says thy song, thou joyous thrush, Up in the walnut tree? What says thy song, thou
 is such glo - ry on thy face, What can the meaning be? There is such glo - ry
 be it ours, in care's despite, To join in cho - rus free, Still be it ours, in

joyous thrush, Up in the walnut tree? What says thy song? What says thy song.
 on thy face, What can the meaning be? O maid - en fair! O maid - en fair!
 care's despite, To join in cho - rus free, The hap - py words, The hap - py words!

"I love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me; "I

rall.

love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me!"

The musical score for 'I Love My Love' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The lyrics are: 'love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me!'

BOATING SONG.

1. Jol - ly boating weather, And a hay har - vest breeze; Blade on the feather,

The musical score for 'Boating Song' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. Jol - ly boating weather, And a hay har - vest breeze; Blade on the feather,'

CHORUS.

Shade off the trees, Swing, swing to - geth - er With your bod - y be -

The musical score for the Chorus of 'Boating Song' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Shade off the trees, Swing, swing to - geth - er With your bod - y be -'

tween your knees; Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your bod - y be - tween your knees.

The musical score for the continuation of the Chorus of 'Boating Song' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'tween your knees; Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your bod - y be - tween your knees.'

2 Carving with elbow nudges,
Lobsters we throw behind;
Vinegar, nobody grudges,
Lower boys drink it blind.
CHO.—Sober as so many judges,
We'll give you a bit of our mind.

3 Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true.
CHO.—And youth will still be in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

4 Twenty years hence this weather
May tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools.
CHO.—But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.

5 Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the well known hue,
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true.
CHO.—And youth will still be in our faces,
When we cheer for the old time crew.

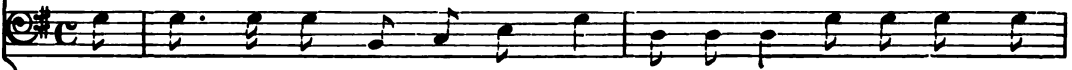
UPIDEE.



1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flashed



3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tra la la, Tra la la, "Thy



- through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tra la la la la! A
 like a fal - chion from its sheath, Tra la la la la! And



- wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tra la la la la! A



- youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice.
 like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue.



- tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an - swered with a sigh.



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[illegible]

4 At break of day as heavenward
Tral la la, Tral la la!
The pious monks of Saint Bernard,
Tral la la la la!
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air. Omo.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Tral la la, Tral la la!
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Tral la la la la!
 Still grasping in his hand of ice,
 That banner with the strange device. **CHO.**

• Imitating a watchman's rattle.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

(DER KLEIN VOGEL.)

English translation by W. W. CALDWELL.

W. H. SÖDERBERG.
Arr. by L. B. MARSHALL.

Moderato.

1. A bird sang out from the Lin - den tree, The Lin - den tree, the
 2. A gen - tle An - gel with a - zure eyes, With a - zure eyes, with
 3. The bird still plain - eth from day to day, From day to day, from

Lin - den tree: "A ti - ny bird I am as you see, But
 a - zure eyes, Was fly - ing o - ver and heard her sighs, At
 day to day, But wheth - er her mate shall fly this way, That

wea - ry of sing - ing nev - er! Yet far a - way is my
 e - ven - tide sad - ly sing - ing; "O lit - tle bird on the
 knows no An - gel in heav - en! The bird still plain - eth from

cres.

sweetheart gone, Yet far a - way is my sweetheart gone, O'er
lin - den tree, O lit - tle bird on the lin - den tree, To -
day to day, The bird still plain - eth from day to day, But

field and for - est he sings a - lone, Ah, will he come to me
- geth - er a - gain you both shall be, Ca - ress - ing and sweet - ly
wheth - er her mate shall fly this way, Man knows not, nor An - gel

SOP. *poco rit.*
ev - er!' O'er field and for - est he sings a - lone, Ah, will he come to me ev - er!
singing!' e - ven! **ALTO.**
To - geth - er again you both shall be, Ca - ress - ing and sweetly singing!
TENOR.
But whether her mate shall fly this way, Man knows not, nor An - gel e - ven!
BASS.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

J. L. HATTON.

Andante con moto.

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking, The dewdrops pearl each bud and leaf; And
2. The sun is up, the lark is soaring, Loud swells the song of chan - ti - cleer; The

I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with
lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet

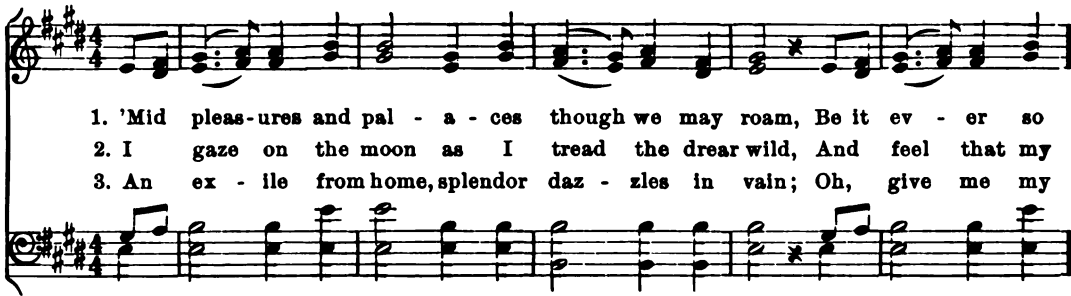
pp bliss too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing
I am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

p in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye! Good-
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye! Good-
con moto.

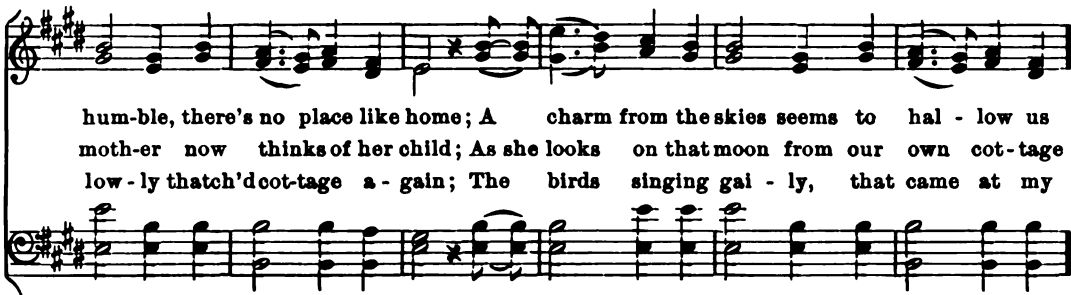
bye, sweetheart, good-bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!
bye, sweetheart, good-bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

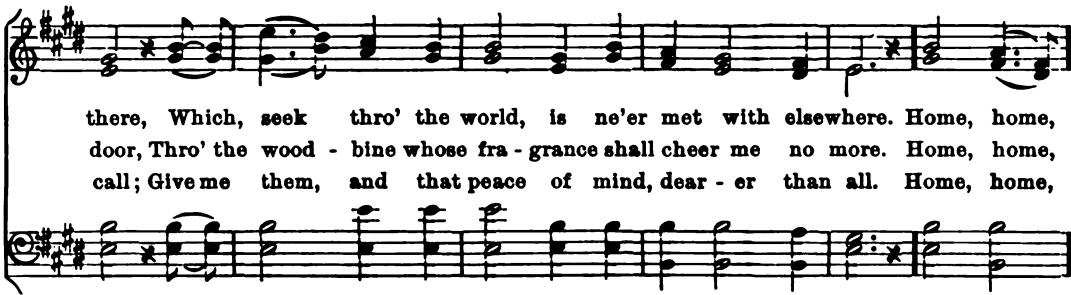
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



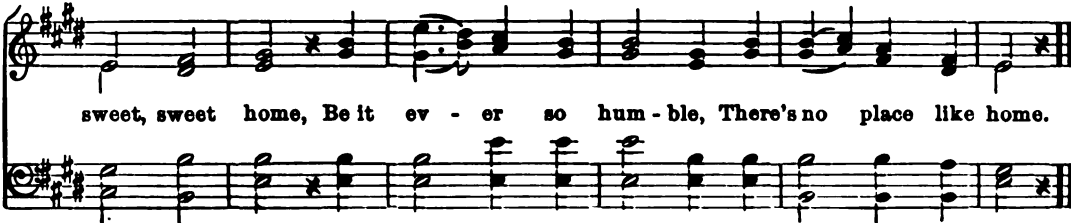
1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my



hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage
 low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my



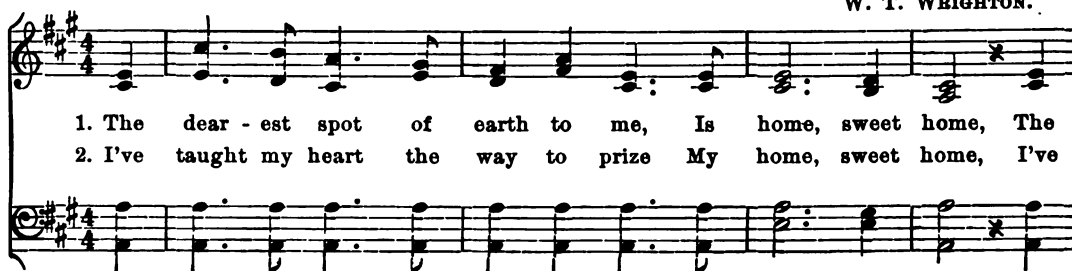
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home,
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
 call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,



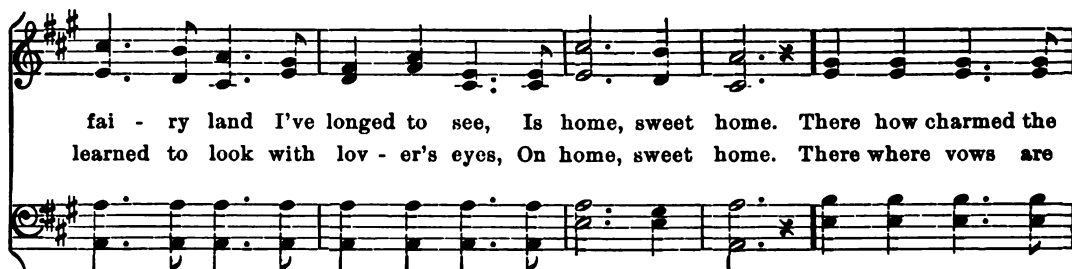
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

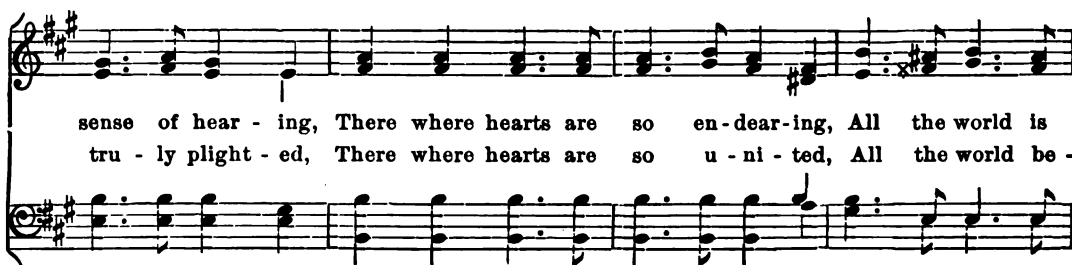
W. T. WRIGHTON.



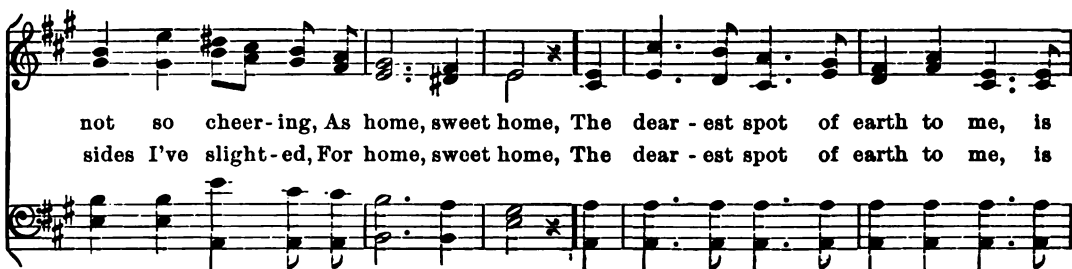
1. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home, The
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've



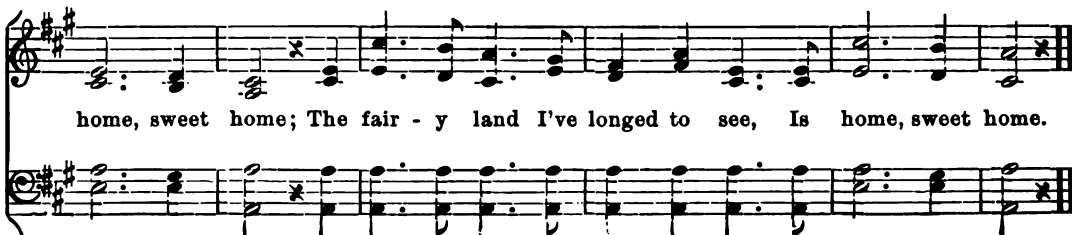
fai - ry land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the
 learned to look with lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home. There where vows are



sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is
 tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted, All the world be -



not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home, The dear - est spot of earth to me, is
 sides I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home, The dear - est spot of earth to me, is



home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

95

J. E. CARPENTER.

CHAS. W. GLOVER.

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
 2. Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
 3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their
 harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no
 think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am

hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam, I would
 kind for - giv - ing word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I
 hap - py by his side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my

give the world to know,—"Do they think of me at home?" I would
 nev - er cease to sigh,—"Do they think of me at home?" Shall I
 heart will sad - ly ask,—"Do they think of me at home?" But my

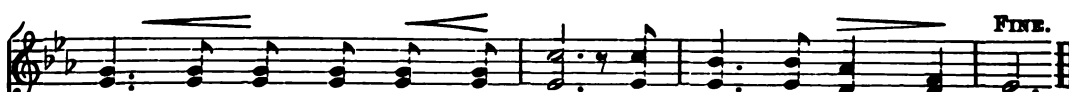
give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"
 nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
 heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

HOME AGAIN.


MARSHALL S. PIKE.



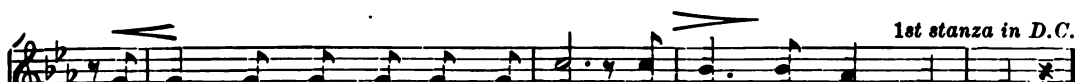
1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore! And
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, And
 3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Ling - ers round the place, And



oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
 oh, the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me;
 oh, I feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face.



Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam,
 And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me long - er roam,
 Then give me but my home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome,



But now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.
 But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
 For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

97

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way

home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the

years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no

storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

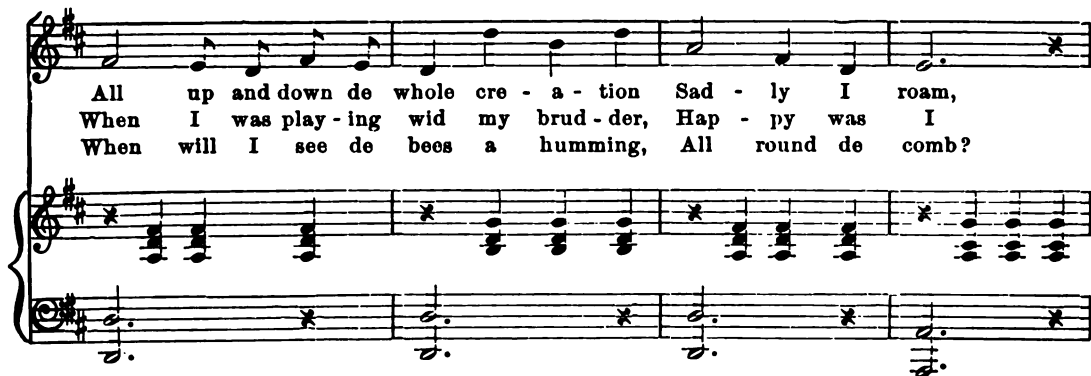
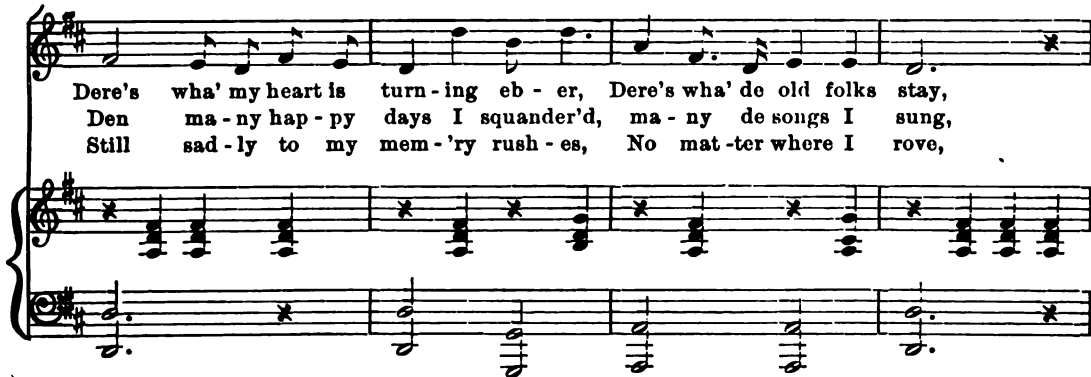
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

As sung by E. P. CHRISTY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Way down up on de Swanee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was young,
3. One lit-tle hut among de bush-es, One dat I love;



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Still longing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

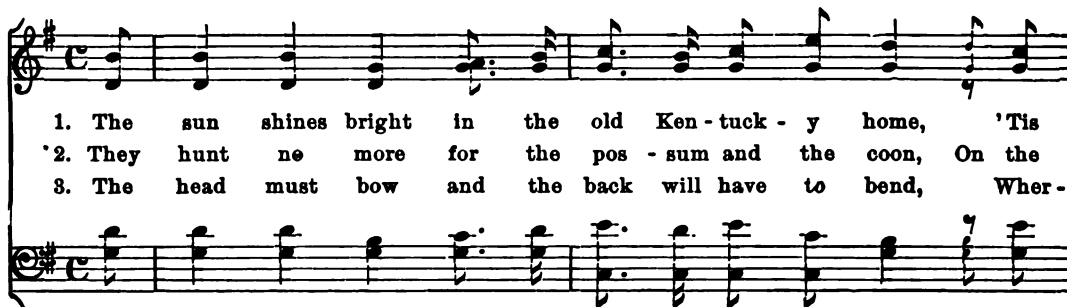
CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb-ry-where I roam,

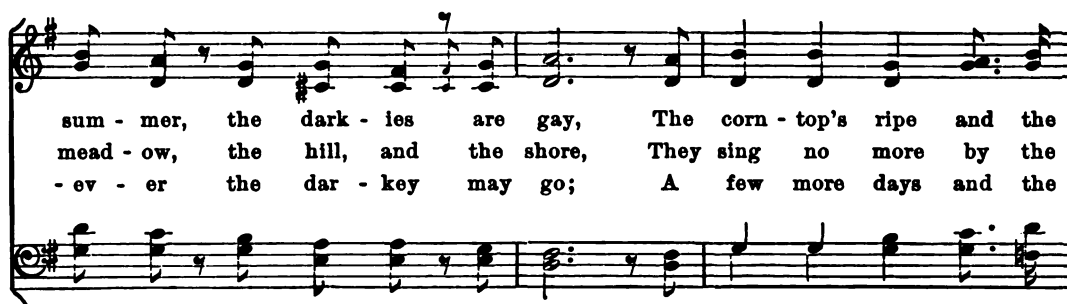
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

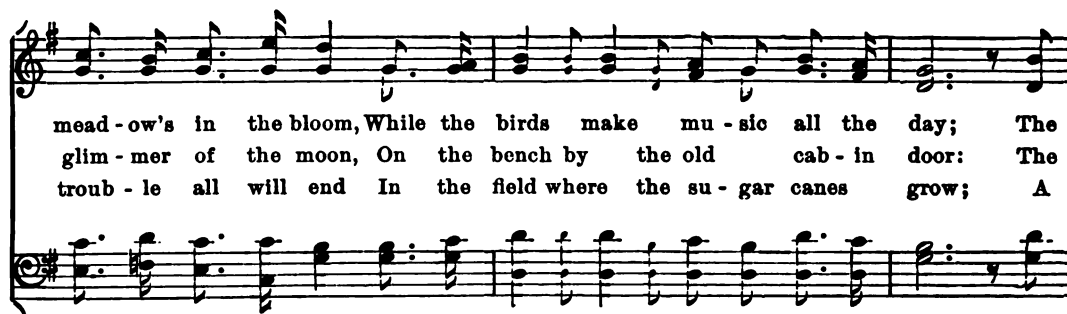
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



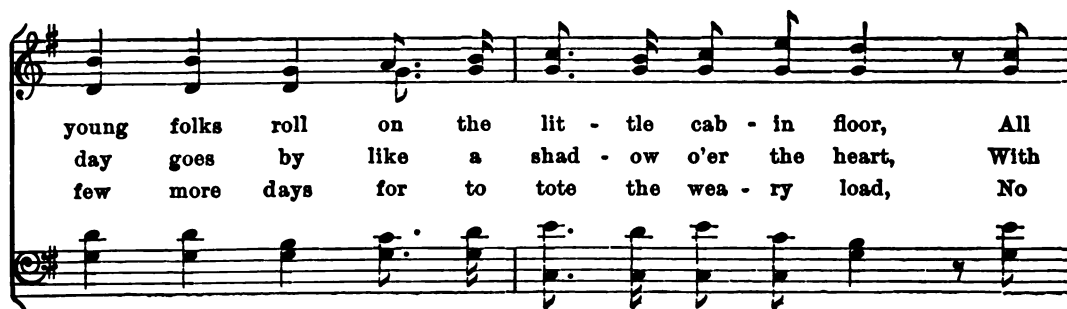
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt ne more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the
 -ev-er the dar-key may go; A few more days and the



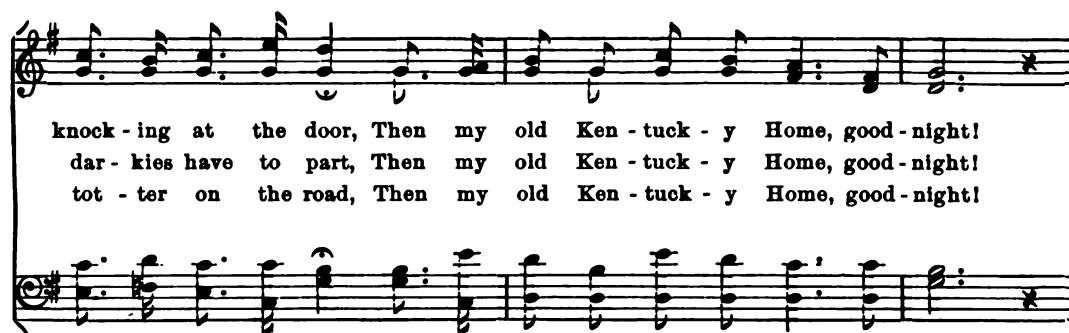
mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door: The
 troub-le all will end In the field where the su-gar canes grow; A



young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No



mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n - by Hard Times comes a -
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A few more days till we



knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!

CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will




sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home far a - way.

HOMEWARD BOUND.


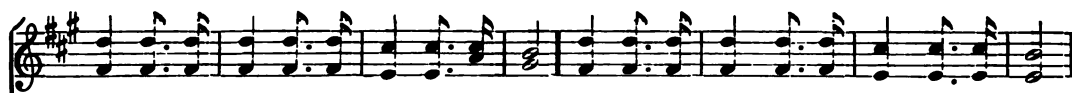
J. W. DADMUN.





1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 4. In - to the har - bor of Heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;

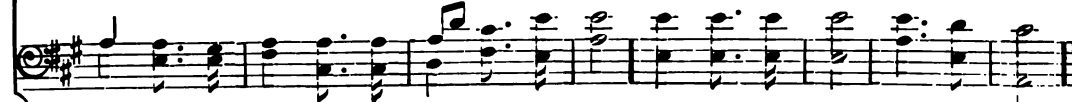
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last;

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode;
 Stea - dy! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady, we soon shall out - weath - er the gale;
 Come, trembling sinner, for - lorn and oppressed, Join in our number, O come and be blest;
 Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore;

Prom - ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Jour - ney with us to the mansions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last!

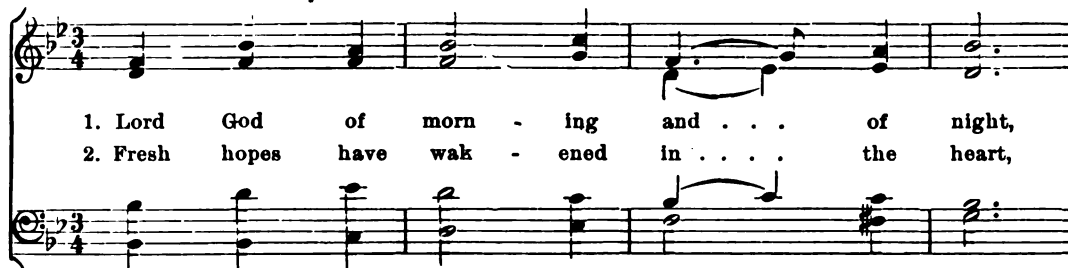


MORNING HYMN.

108

JOHN KEBLE.

"GERMANY." FROM BEETHOVEN.



1. Lord God of morn - ing and . . . of night,
2. Fresh hopes have wak - ened in . . . the heart,



We thank Thee for Thy gifts . . . of light;
Fresh force to do our dai - ly part;



As in the dawn . . . the shad - ows fly, . . .
Thy slum - ber - gifts . . . our strength re - store, . .



We seem to find . . . Thee now . . . more nigh.
Through - out the day . . . to serve . . . Thee more.


3 O Lord of light, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
O then be with us, Lord, that we
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.

4 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.


SPRING.

THOMAS MOORE.


From the "CREATION." FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1798.



1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this
2. When youth - - ful spring a - round us breathes, Thy spir - it



won - drous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,
warms her fra - grant sigh, And ev - 'ry flow'r the sum - mer wreathes



Are but re - flec - tions caught from Thee; Where'er we turn, Thy
Is born be - neath Thy kind - ling eye; Where'er we turn, Thy



glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine.
glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine.

SUMMER.

105

W. W. How.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Brightly.

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing, O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world, And His ban - ner
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness Thy pure radiance pour; For Thy lov - ing

flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free, Ev - 'ry thing re - joic - - es,
 gleam - eth Ev - 'ry where un - furled, Broad and deep and glo - - rious
 kind - ness Make us love Thee more, And when clouds are drift - - ing

Rit. un poco.
 In the mel - low rays; All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of
 As the heav'n a - bove, Shines in might vic - to - rious, His e - ter - nal
 Dark a - cross our sky, Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou

a tempo.
 praise, All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
 love, Shines in might vic - to - rious, His e - ter - nal love.
 nigh, Then the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.

AUTUMN'S GLORY!

Words and Music by CHARLES W. JOHNSON.



1. Passed is sum - mer noon - time, When the sun on high
2. Breeze and haze of morn - ing, O - ver - spreads the day;
3. Tinged the hours with sad - ness, As these clouds pass o'er;



Ri - pens ev - 'ry grain - field, Gold - en leaves are nigh,
 Mant - ling brow of moun - tain, Rip - pling brooks at play;
 Break these dreams in glad - ness, Ev - er, ev - er more;



Nest - ing birds are wing - ing, Far and south - ward bound, 'Tis
 Blue sky scarce dis - clos - ing, Clouds and sky seem one; 'Tis
 Au - tumn, now re - joice we, Red - d'ning leaf and sky, Brings



Au - tumn! our sing - ing Breaks forth in tune - ful sound.
 Au - tumn! sweet mus - ing Pro - claims the day is done.
 rich - es, and glo - ry, While these sweet days go by.

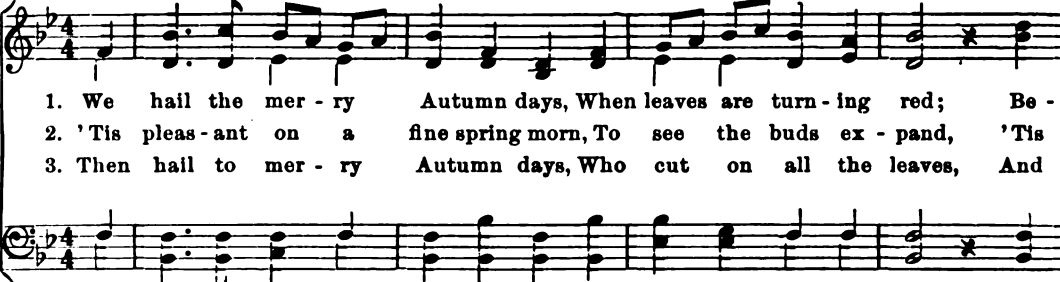


MERRY AUTUMN DAYS.

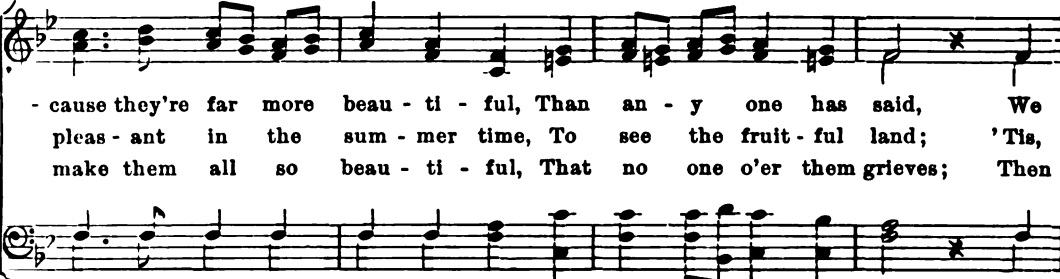
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DICKENS.

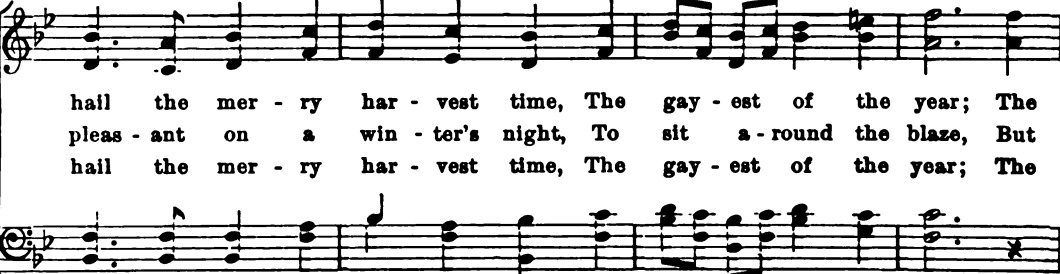
C. H. CONGDOM.



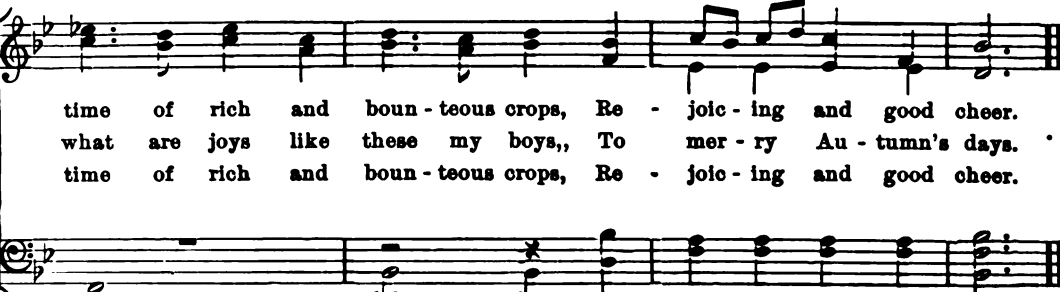
1. We hail the mer - ry Autumn days, When leaves are turn - ing red; Be -
 2. 'Tis pleas - ant on a fine spring morn, To see the buds ex - pand, 'Tis
 3. Then hail to mer - ry Autumn days, Who cut on all the leaves, And



- cause they're far more beau - ti - ful, Than an - y one has said, We
 pleas - ant in the sum - mer time, To see the fruit - ful land; 'Tis,
 make them all so beau - ti - ful, That no one o'er them grieves; Then



hail the mer - ry har - vest time, The gay - est of the year; The
 pleas - ant on a win - ter's night, To sit a - round the blaze, But
 hail the mer - ry har - vest time, The gay - est of the year; The



time of rich and boun - teous crops, Re - joic - ing and good cheer.
 what are joys like these my boys,, To mer - ry Au - tumn's days.
 time of rich and boun - teous crops, Re - joic - ing and good cheer.

ORGAN.

WINTER.

W. W. CALDWELL.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Brightly.

1. Hark! how the sleigh-bells ring Me - lo - di - ous and clear!

A wel - come tale they bring, That win - ter now is here, As

o'er the crisp and spark - ling snow With ea - ger haste the swift steeds go! As

o'er the crisp and spark - ling snow With ea - ger haste the swift steeds go!

2 Or down the frozen stream
The merry skaters glide,
With rosy health agleam,
Together side by side,
While on the bank, as they advance,
The trees move round in mazy dance,
While on the bank, as they advance,
The trees move round in mazy dance.

3 Springtime may lovely be
With budding leaf and flower,
And valley, hill and lea
May boast of Summer's dower,
But Winter has its beauties too,
Its changes ever fresh and new,
But Winter has its beauties too,
Its changes ever fresh and new.

4 And by the fireside's glow,
When evening shades are near,
What happiness we know,
What time of friendly cheer,
When old and young together meet,
And loving hearts responsive beat!
When old and young together meet,
And loving hearts responsive beat!

5 Then Pæans let us raise
To Winter, as we bring
In songs of tuneful praise
Our thankful offering
To Him, to whose kind love we owe
The Seasons, as they come and go,
To Him, to whose kind love we owe
The Seasons, as they come and go.

THE FOUR WINDS.

109

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

L. B. MARSHALL.


Gracefully.



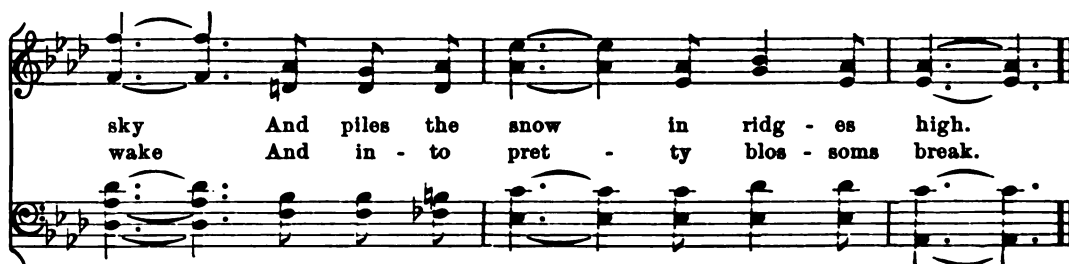
1. In win - ter, when the wind I hear, I know the clouds will
 2. In spring, when stirs the wind, I know That soon the cro - cus



dis - ap - pear; For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky And piles the
 buds will show; For 'tis the wind who bids them wake And in - to



snow in ridg - es high, For 'tis the wind who sweeps the
 pret - ty blos - soms break, For 'tis the wind who bids them



sky And piles the snow in ridg - es high.
 wake And in - to pret - ty blos - soms break.

3 In summer, when it softly blows,
 Soon red, I know, will be the rose;
 For 'tis the wind to her who speaks,
 And brings the blushes to her cheeks,
 For 'tis the wind to her who speaks,
 And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

4 In autumn, when the wind is up,
 I know the acorn's out its cup;
 For 'tis the wind who takes it out,
 And plants an oak somewhere about,
 For 'tis the wind who takes it out,
 And plants an oak somewhere about.

HARVEST SONG.

W. W. CALDWELL.

L. B. MARSHALL.

With expression.

1. A - gain the fer - tile land A good - ly har - vest yields,
And rich with plen - ty stand The in - ter - vales and fields,
Where ri - pened fruit and corn The whole wide view a - dorn,
Where ri - pened fruit and corn The whole wide view a - dorn.

rall.

2 See how the branches bend
Beneath their heavy load!
How the red apples send
Their fragrance all abroad,
And hanging from the vine,
The clusters swell with wine!
And hanging from the vine
The clusters swell with wine!

3 Deep in the forest aisle
The leaves with beauty glow,
And in the sunlight's smile
Their gold and crimson show,
While from the nut tree's crown
The fruit comes dropping down,
While from the nut tree's crown
The fruit comes dropping down.

4 O'er hill and dale afar
A soft blue haze is thrown,
The winds in slumber are,
The summer birds have flown,
But by the wayside set
The wild flowers linger yet,
But by the wayside set
The wild flowers linger yet.

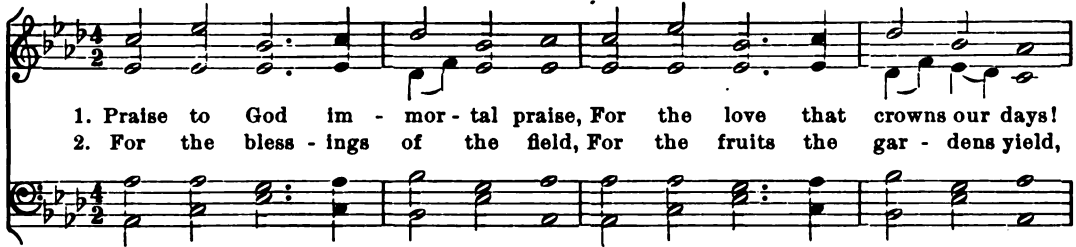
5 Giver of all we bend
In gratitude to Thee!
Thou dost each blessing send,
The glory Thine shall be;
The harvest o'er the land
We take as from Thy hand.
The harvest o'er the land
We take as from Thy hand.

THANKSGIVING.

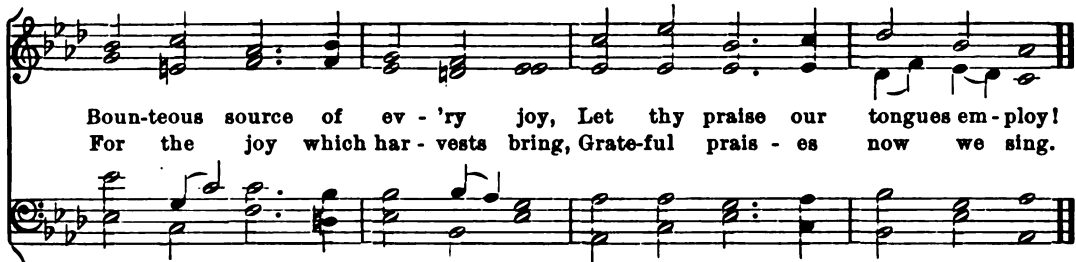
111

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Praise to God im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless - ings of the field, For the fruits the gar - dens yield,



Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy!
For the joy which har - vests bring, Grate-ful prais - es now we sing.

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise:
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

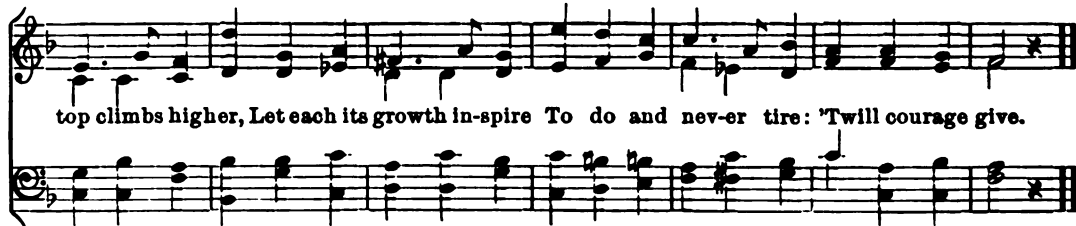
SONG FOR ARBOR DAY.

EMMA SHAW.

JOHN W. TUFTS.



1. From for - est wide and free, We bring this stately tree, Long may it wave! And as its



top climbs higher, Let each its growth in-spire To do and nev-er tire: 'Twill courage give.


2 The lesson we will learn,
That if success we'd earn
On Life's broad field,
We must look up and grow,
No faltering purpose know,
Then shall we plainly show,
We'll never yield.

3 If read aright, you see
A lesson there will be
Of joy and love,
Learned from the growing tree,
Each day and night we'll be
Nearer the height we see
Far, far above.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY.


MENDELSSOHN.




1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
 3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Righteous - ness!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the fa - vored one.
 Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veil'd in flesh, the God - head see; Hailth' in - car - nate De - i - ty:
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
 Pleased, as man, with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.



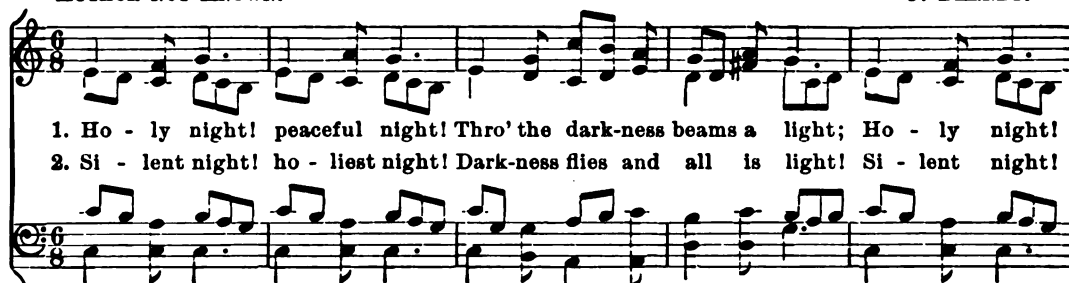
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"

HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

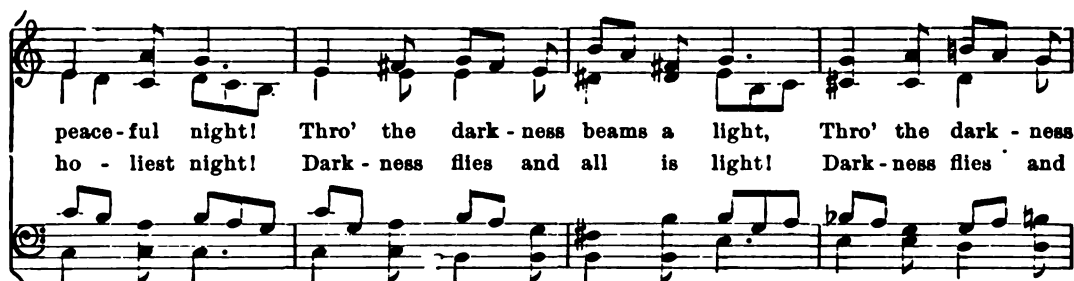
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AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

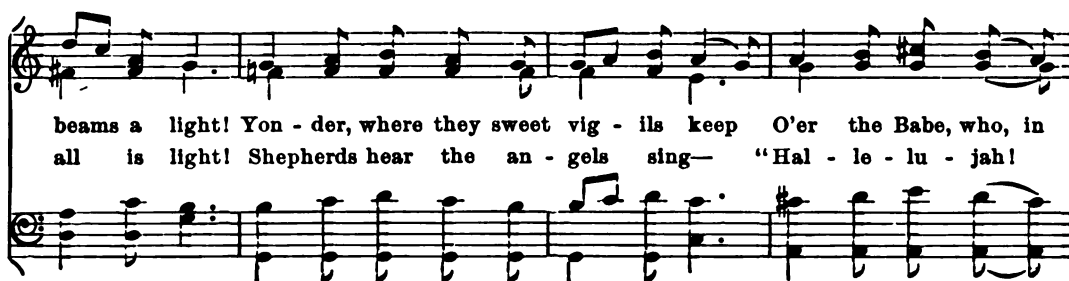
J. BARNBY.



1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light; Ho - ly night!
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light! Si - lent night!



peace-ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness
ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light! Dark-ness flies and



beams a light! Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe, who, in
all is light! Shepherds hear the an - gels sing— "Hal - le - lu - jah!



si - lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.
hail the King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!

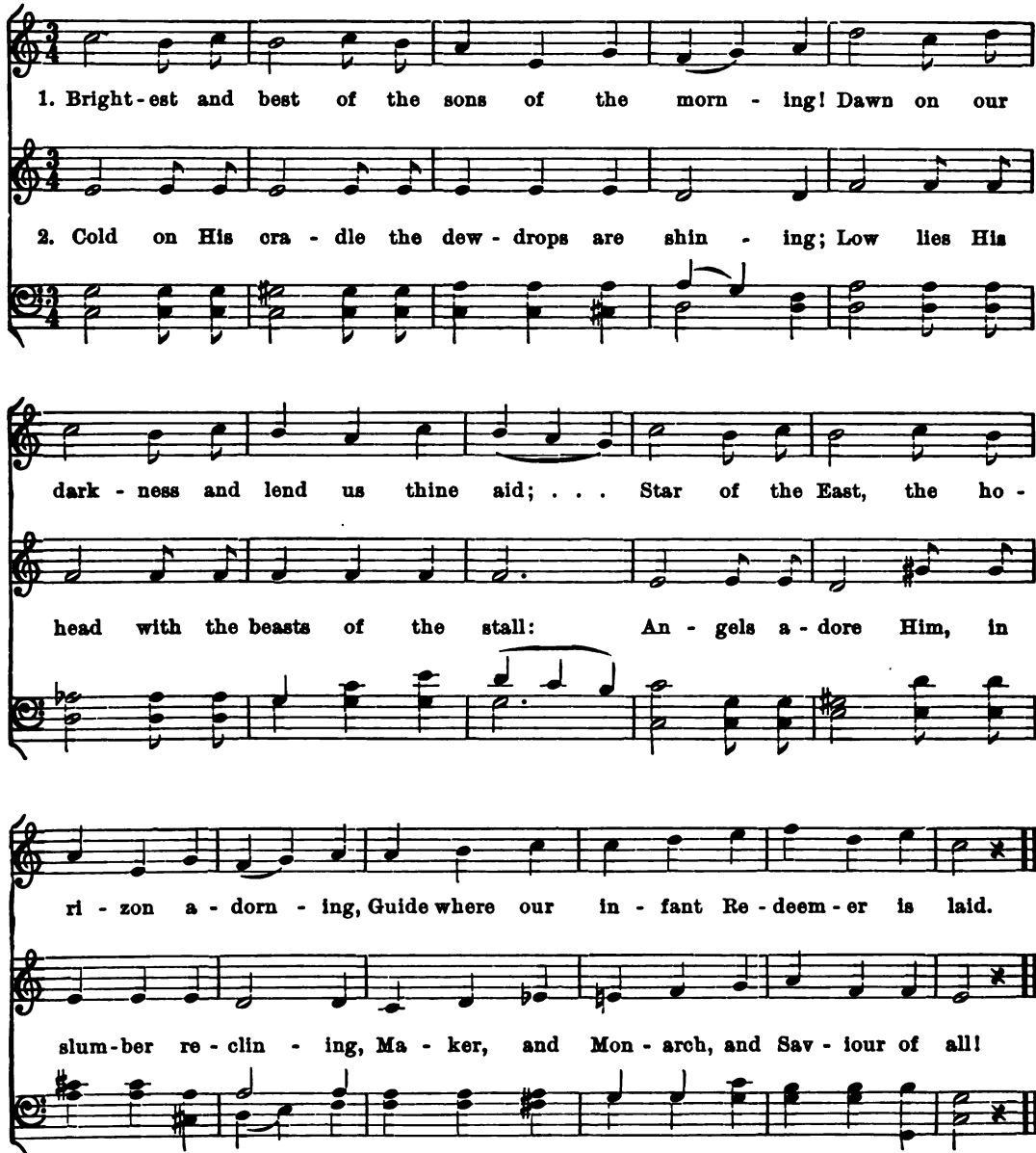
3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous star! oh, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

R. HEBER.

KATE. S. CHITTENDEN.



1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our

2. Cold on His ora - die the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies His

dark - ness and lend us thine aid; . . . Star of the East, the ho -

head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore Him, in

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

slum - ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all!

3 Say shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

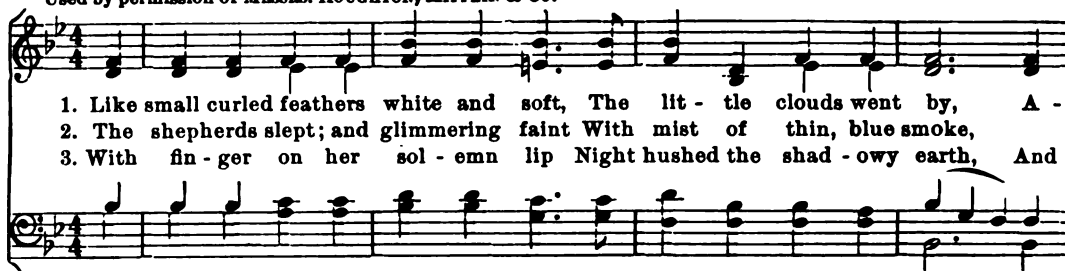
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LIKE SMALL CURLED FEATHERS, WHITE AND SOFT.

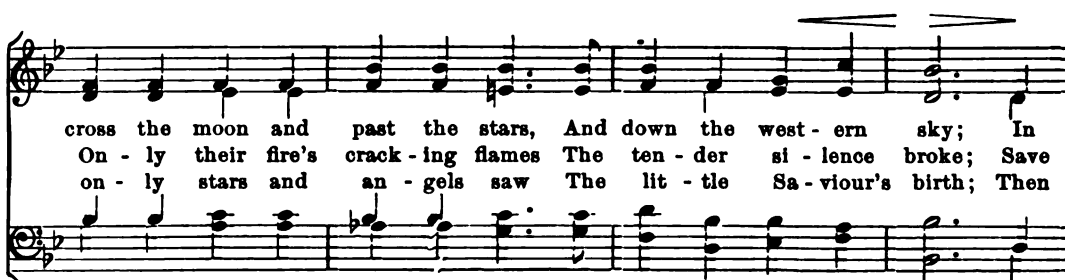
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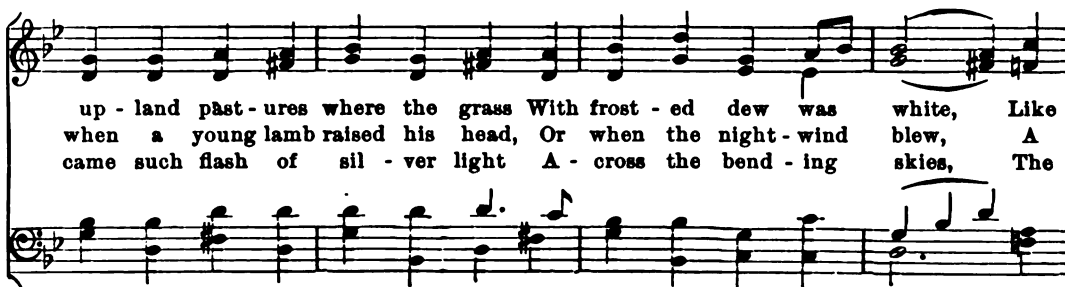
Music by A. P. HOWARD.



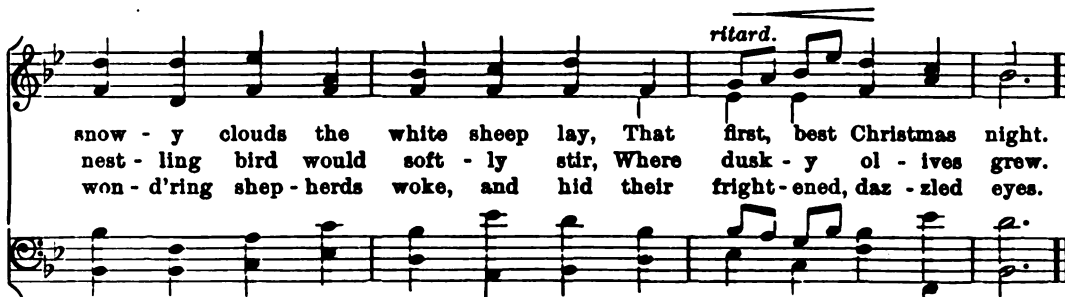
1. Like small curled feathers white and soft, The lit - tle clouds went by, A -
 2. The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint With mist of thin, blue smoke,
 3. With fin - ger on her sol - emn lip Night hushed the shad - owy earth, And



cross the moon and past the stars, And down the west - ern sky; In
 On - ly their fire's crack - ing flames The ten - der si - lence broke; Save
 on - ly stars and an - gels saw The lit - tle Sa - viour's birth; Then



up - land past - ures where the grass With frost - ed dew was white, Like
 when a young lamb raised his head, Or when the night - wind blew, A
 came such flash of sil - ver light A - cross the bend - ing skies, The



snow - y clouds the white sheep lay, That first, best Christmas night.
 nest - ling bird would soft - ly stir, Where dusk - y ol - ives grew.
 won - d'ring shep - herds woke, and hid their fright - ened, daz - zled eyes.

4 And all their gentle, sleepy flock
 Looked up and slept again,
 Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
 Brought endless peace to men;
 Nor even heard the gracious words
 That down the ages ring,
 "The Christ is born, the Lord has come,
 Good will on earth to bring!"

5 Then o'er the moon-lit misty fields,
 Dumb with the world's great joy,
 The shepherds sought the white-walled town
 Where lay the Baby Boy;
 And oh, the gladness of the world,
 The glory of the skies,
 Because the longed for Christ looked up
 In Mary's happy eyes.

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O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

GEORGE A. BURDETT.

Brightly.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heaven.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may know His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tidings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

117

WILLIAM AUSTIN.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

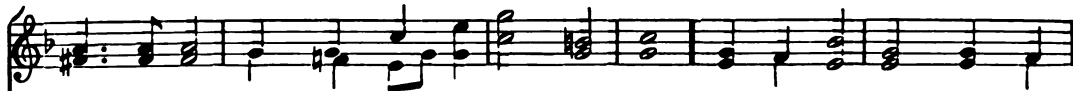
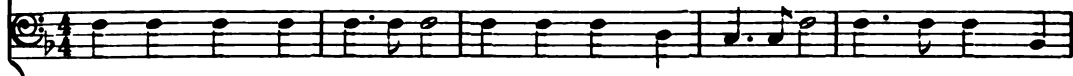
Arr.



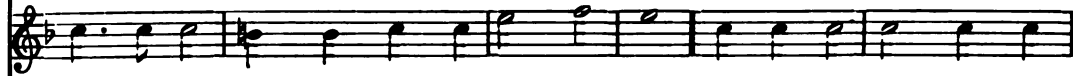
1. All this night bright angels sing, Nev - er was such car - ol - ing! Hark! a voice which



2. Wake, O earth! wake ev'ry thing; Wake, and hear the joy I bring; Wake, and joy, for



loud - ly cries, Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise, Lo! to glad - ness Turns your



all this night Heav'n and ev' - ry twink - ling light, All a - maz - ing Still stand



sad - ness, From the earth is ris'n a Sun; Shines all night, though day be done.



gaz - ing; An - gels, pow'rs and all that be, Wake and joy this Sun to see.



'TIS EASTER TIME!

Words by CHARLES W. JOHNSON.

Music by LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

1. The sun of earth is glow - ing, The trees of earth are grow - ing; The
 2. The bells of earth are ring - ing, The choirs of earth are sing - ing; The
 3. The Life! for th' weak and cry - ing, The Life! for th' dark and dy - ing; The

flow'rs of earth are show - ing The fra - grance and a - wak - 'ning, The
 men of earth are bring - ing Their hearts with joy up - spring - ing, The
 Life! on th' cross re - ly - ing, Oh, Life! for joy now sigh - ing, The

flow'rs of earth are show - ing The fra - grance and a - wak - 'ning, The
 men of earth are bring - ing Their hearts with joy up - spring - ing, The
 Life! on th' cross re - ly - ing, Oh, Life! for joy now sigh - ing, Oh,

fra - grance and a - wak - - 'ning, Of Res - ur - rec - tion
 hearts with joy up - spring - - ing, 'Tis Res - ur - rec - tion
 Life! for joy now sigh - - ing, Dear Res - ur - rec - tion

Day!..... Of Res - - ur - rec - - tion Day!.....
 Day!..... 'Tis Res - - ur - rec - - tion Day!.....
 Day!..... Dear Res - - ur - rec - - tion Day!.....

MEMORIAL DAY.

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SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.


L. B. MARSHALL.

(The Melody in the Alto part.)

Expressively.

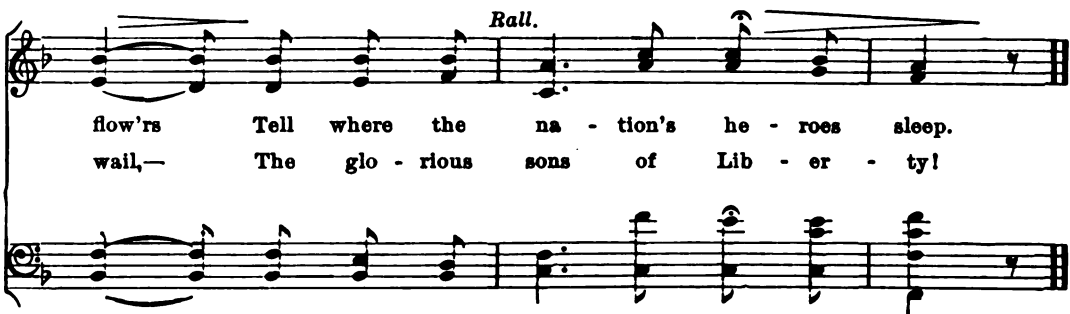


1. Not cost - ly domes, nor mar - ble tow'rs, Shall mark where
2. They rest in many a sha - ded vale, . . . By, and be -



friend - ship comes to weep; . . . Let clus - t'ring vines and fra - grant
- neath, the sound - ing sea; . . . The for - est - winds their re - quiem

Rall.



flow'rs Tell where the na - tion's he - roes sleep.
wail,— The glo - rious sons of Lib - er - ty!

3 Some, in the stalwart years of life;
Some, in the pride of manhood's bloom,
Unshrinking, joined the bitter strife,
Unconquered, found a soldier's tomb.

5 They merit all our hearts can give;
Our praises and our love they claim;
Long shall their precious names survive,
Held sacred by immortal fame.

4 They gained what their ambition craved,
Freedom and love to all to bring;
And peace, o'er all the land they saved,
Broods, like the dove, with sheltering wing.

3 Blest be the land for which they fought,—
The land where Freedom's banners wave;
The land by blood and treasure bought,
Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

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THE VETERANS.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Fervently.

1. Sad, but yet glad, our thoughts re - call The days of

woe and blood, and strife, When thou - sands rushed, to

stand, or fall, For Free - dom, and the Na - tion's life.

2 Hunger and thirst, and leaden hail,
And frost and heat, and rain and dew,
And hopes deferred, like springs that fall
In summer's drought, our forces knew.

3 The hurried march, the lonely rest;
The trenches where we laid our dead,
The tangled paths our footsteps pressed,
The arms that ached, the feet that bled;

4 The picket, on his silent beat;
The foeman's gun with stealthy flash;
The fields where men were mowed like wheat;
The sweeping cannon's deadly crash,—

5 How vividly they all return,—
Scenes which the soul can ne'er forget!
Like quenchless watch-fires still they burn,—
'Twas there that death and glory met.

6 O land we love, united land!
O'er thee one flag of freedom waves;
Living, our hosts one people stand,
And freemen sleep in freemen's graves.

7 In God we trust,—our fathers' God;
Our people spread from sea to sea;
We hear Thy voice, we heed Thy nod,
Keep us one people, brave and free.

PRECIOUS LIVES.

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SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Tenderly.

p



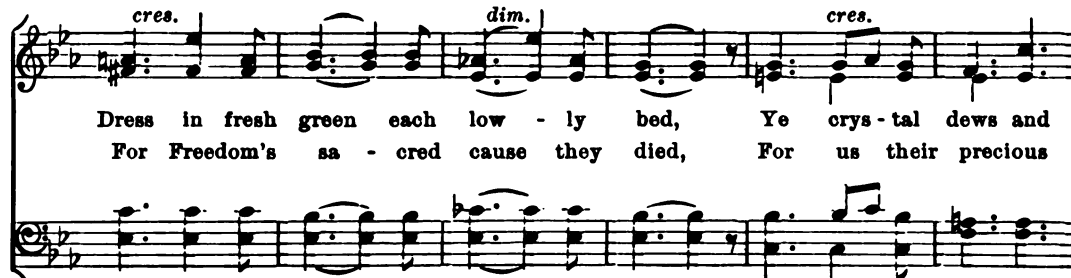
1. Breathe balm - y airs, ye fra - grant flow'rs, O'er ev - ry si - lent
2. Strew lov - ing off - 'rings o'er the brave, Their coun - try's joy, their

cres.



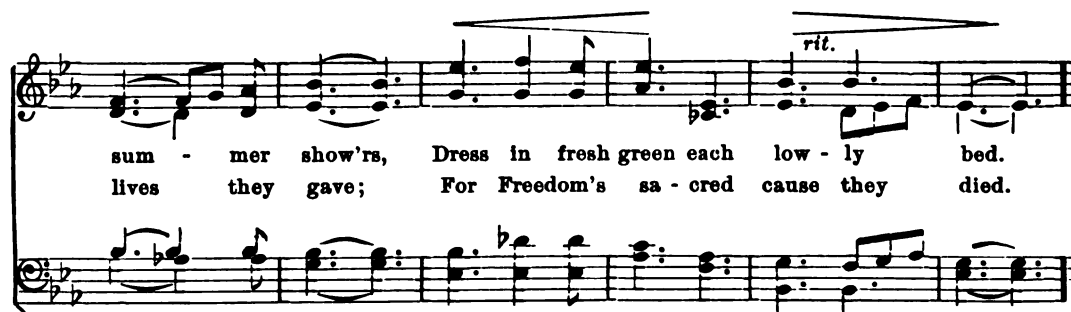
sleep - er's head; Ye crys - tal dew's and sum - mer show'rs,
coun - try's pride; For us their prec - ious lives they gave;

cres. *dim.* *cres.*



Dress in fresh green each low - ly bed, Ye crys - tal dew's and
For Freedom's sa - cred cause they died, For us their precious

rit.



sum - mer show'rs, Dress in fresh green each low - ly bed.
lives they gave; For Freedom's sa - cred cause they died.

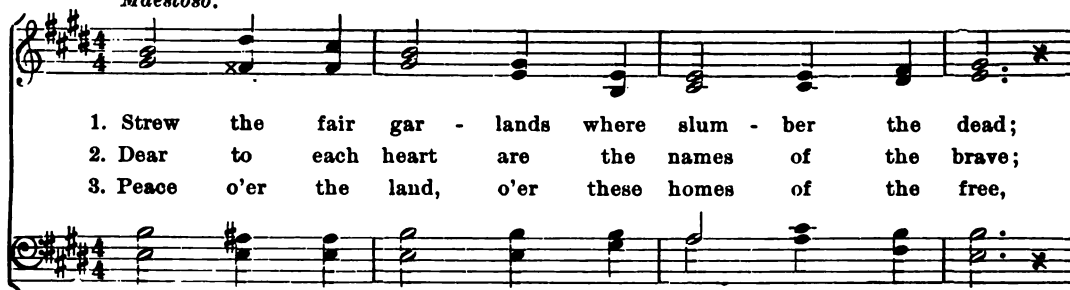
3 Each cherished name its place shall hold,
Like stars that gem the azure sky;
Their deeds, on history's page unrolled,
Are sealed for immortality.

4 Long, where on glory's field they fell,
May Freedom's spotless banner wave;
And fragrant tributes, grateful, tell,
Where live the free,— where sleep the brave.

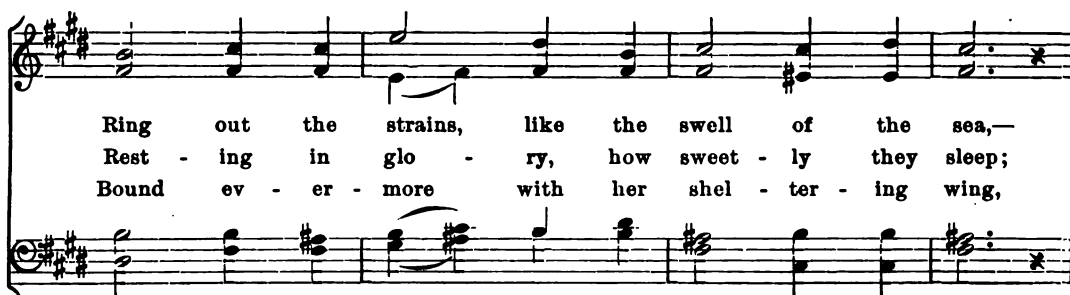
STREW THE FAIR GARLANDS.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.


L. B. MARSHALL.

Maestoso.


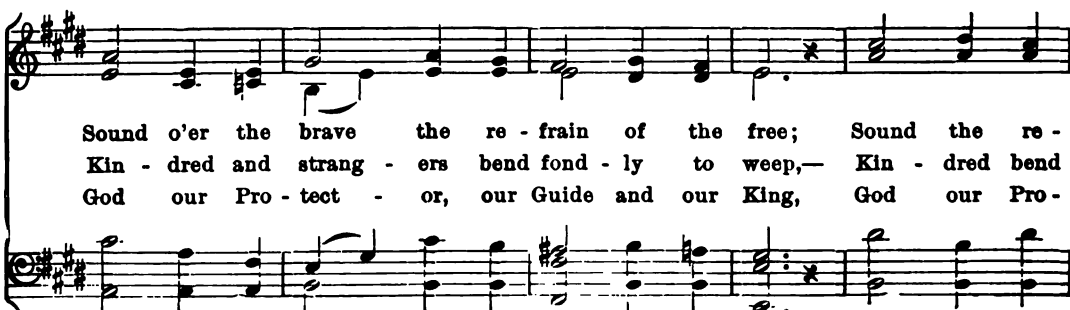
1. Strew the fair gar - lands where slum - ber the dead;
 2. Dear to each heart are the names of the brave;
 3. Peace o'er the land, o'er these homes of the free,



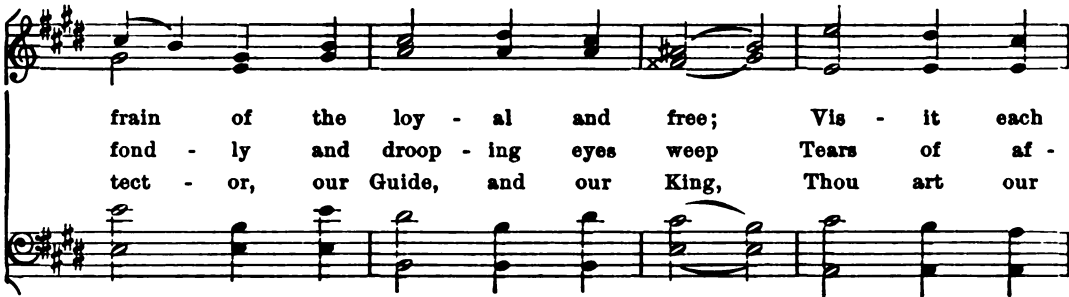
Ring out the strains, like the swell of the sea,—
 Rest - ing in glo - ry, how sweet - ly they sleep;
 Bound ev - er - more with her shel - ter - ing wing,



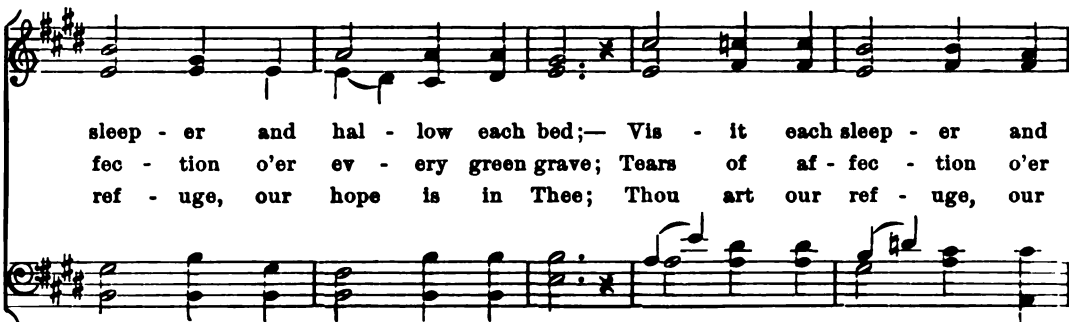
Heart - felt the trib - ute we lay on each bed.
 Dew - drops at eve - ning fall soft on each grave,
 God of the na - tion, our trust is in Thee;



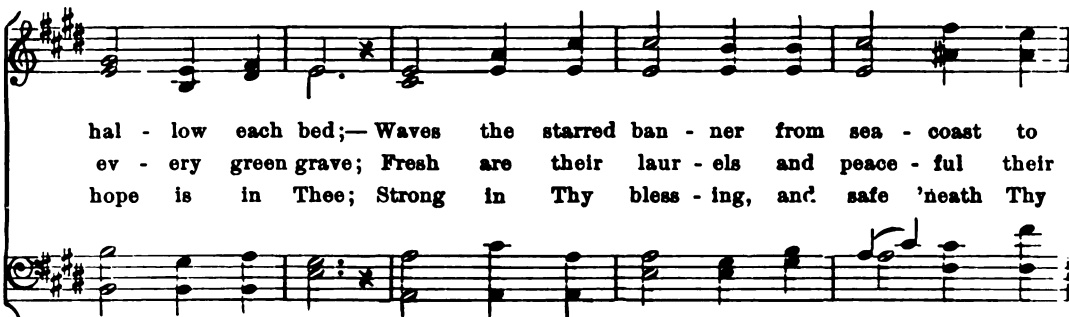
Sound o'er the brave the re - frain of the free; Sound the re -
 Kin - dred and strang - ers bend fond - ly to weep,— Kin - dred bend
 God our Pro - tect - or, our Guide and our King, God our Pro -



frain of the loy - al and free; Vis - it each
fond - ly and droop - ing eyes weep Tears of af -
tect - or, our Guide, and our King, Thou art our



sleep - er and hal - low each bed;— Vis - it each sleep - er and
fec - tion o'er ev - ery green grave; Tears of af - fec - tion o'er
ref - uge, our hope is in Thee; Thou art our ref - uge, our



hal - low each bed;— Waves the starred ban - ner from sea - coast to
ev - ery green grave; Fresh are their laur - els and peace - ful their
hope is in Thee; Strong in Thy bless - ing, and safe 'neath Thy



sea,— Grate - ful the liv - ing, and hon - ored the dead.
sleep; Love still shall cher - ish the no - ble and brave.
wing, Peace shall en - cir - cle these homes of the free.

CHERISHED NAMES.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Tenderly.

1. We wreathe with flowers the peace - ful graves, Where low our

fal - len com -rades sleep; While sun - beams smile, and ver - dure waves,

rit.

And dews of eve - - - ning o'er them weep.

2 Honored and loved, each cherished name;
In vain, ye have not lived nor died;
A grateful country keeps your fame,—
A sacred trust,— her joy and pride.

3 God bless the land ye nobly saved,—
Where'er your blood has left its stain,
Where'er your conquering banner waved,
May peace prevail and Freedom reign.

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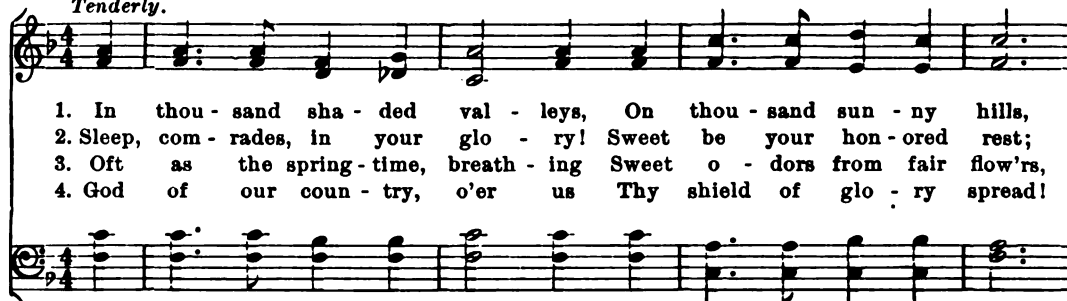
SLEEP, COMRADES, SLEEP.

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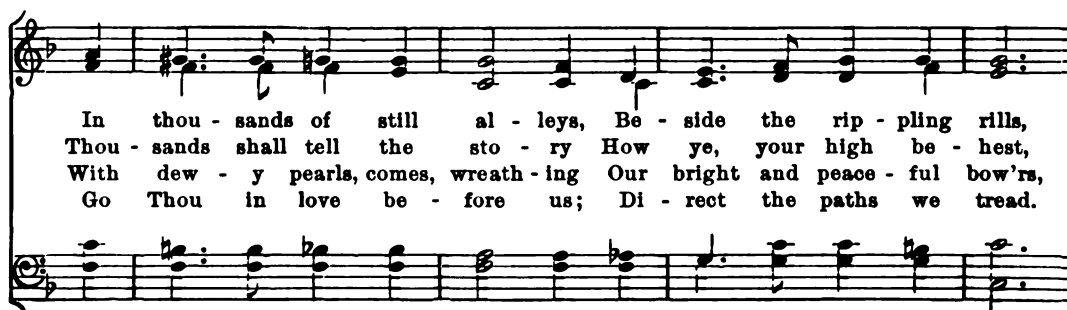
SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

L. B. MARSHALL.

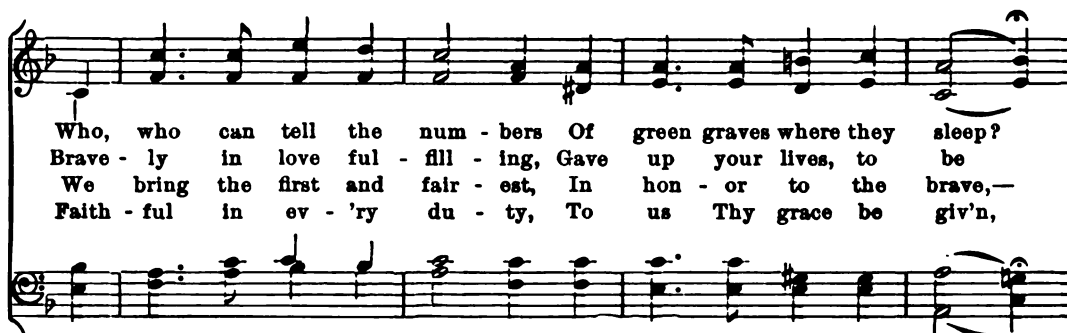
Tenderly.



1. In thou - sand sha - ded val - leys, On thou - sand sun - ny hills,
 2. Sleep, com - rades, in your glo - ry! Sweet be your hon - ored rest;
 3. Oft as the spring - time, breath - ing Sweet o - dors from fair flow'rs,
 4. God of our coun - try, o'er us Thy shield of glo - ry spread!

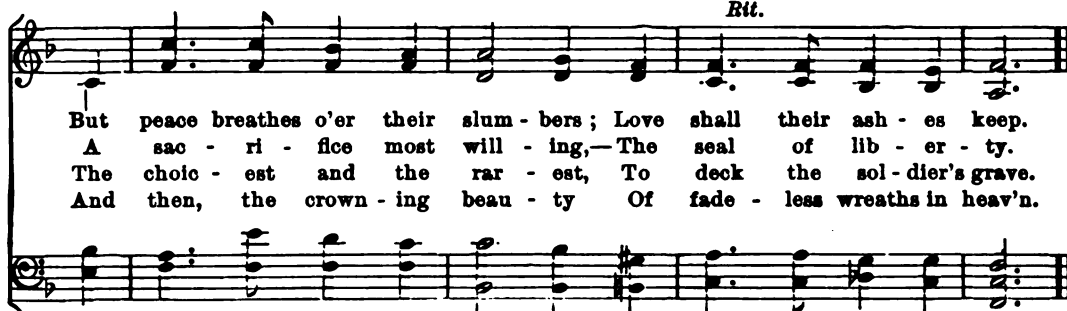


In thou - sands of still al - leys, Be - side the rip - pling rills,
 Thou - sands shall tell the sto - ry How ye, your high be - hest,
 With dew - y pearls, comes, wreath - ing Our bright and peace - ful bow'rs,
 Go Thou in love be - fore us; Di - rect the paths we tread.



Who, who can tell the num - bers Of green graves where they sleep?
 Brave - ly in love ful - fill - ing, Gave up your lives, to be
 We bring the first and fair - est, In hon - or to the brave,—
 Faith - ful in ev - 'ry du - ty, To us Thy grace be giv'n,

Rit.



But peace breathes o'er their slum - bers; Love shall their ash - es keep.
 A sac - ri - fice most will - ing,—The seal of lib - er - ty.
 The choic - est and the rar - est, To deck the sol - dier's grave.
 And then, the crown - ing beau - ty Of fade - less wreaths in heav'n.

COMRADES, GOOD NIGHT!

FOR MALE VOICES.

J. E. RANKIN, D D., LL. D.

J. F. REICHARDT.

p *p* *mf*

1. Com - rades, good - night! com - rades, good - night! Noise - less the
 2. Ro - ses of May on you shall fall; Each year shall
 3. Com - rades, good night! we write each name High on the
 4. Com - rades, 'tis dawn! the night is gone! Graced with new

p

years past take their flight; In slum - bers blest, On
 bring the rob - in's call; A - bove each grave Of
 scroll of earth - ly fame; In clus - ters there, For -
 stars our flag floats on; Un - chal - langed flies In

p *f*

earth's kind breast, Sweet be your rest. No foes a - round
 he - ro brave The flag shall wave. A com - rade's tread
 - ev - er fair, Give each his share: Ab - solve the debt,
 all earth's skies; All wrong de - fles, Your blood in - deed,

p *p* *pp*

The hal - lowed ground; God's an - gels keep Your last, last sleep.
 Shall bless each bed. God's an - gels keep Your last, last sleep.
 Nor will for - get. God's an - gels keep Your last, last sleep.
 Truth's mar - tyr - seed! God's an - gels keep Your last, last sleep.

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W. W. CALDWELL.

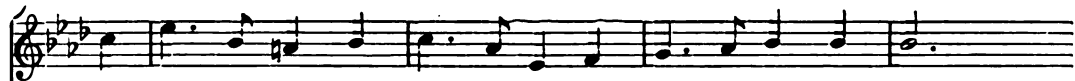
L. B. MARSHALL.

With patriotic fervor.

(SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.)



1. What sa - cred mem - o - ries en - twine A - round the name of one,
 3. When per - ils threatened all the land, And all seemed dark as night,
 5. But when suc - cess had crowned our arms, And joy had fol - lowed pain,



To whom this day is ded - i - cate, The name of Wash - ing - ton!
 He left Mount Ver - non's class - ic shades To bat - tle for the right,
 He glad - ly laid his ar - mor down, And home re - turned a - gain,



To whom this day is ded - i - cate The name of Wash - ing - ton!
 He left Mount Ver - non's class - ic shades To bat - tle for the right.
 He glad - ly laid his ar - mor down, And home re - turned a - gain.



CHORUS.



2. Of good - ly an - ces - try he came, Born on Vir - gin - ia's
 4. A lead - er firm and calm was he, Who knew no thought of
 6. True man and pa - tri - ot was he, As all the world doth
 7. And to the Coun - try that he saved What shall his memory



soil, From youth a bu - sy life he led, In -
 fear, And free - ly ev - ery - thing gave up For
 own, A he - ro of the no - blest type, Wor -
 be? First in all hearts will he re - main, Re -



ured to man - ly toil, From youth a bu - sy
 what he held most dear, And free - ly ev - ery -
 thy the high - est crown, A he - ro of the
 vered from sea to sea! First in all hearts will

The first system of the musical score for 'WASHINGTON.' It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

life he led, In - ured to man - ly toil.
 thing gave up For what he held most dear.
 no - blest type, Wor - thy the high - est crown.
 he re - main, Re - vered from sea to sea!

rit. *f*

D.S. for seventh verse.

colla voce.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. There are performance markings: 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'f' (forte) above the vocal line, and 'D.S. for seventh verse.' and 'colla voce.' below the piano part.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

Not too slow.

1. Hail and farewell, dear compan - ions, Friends that we know to be true;
 2. Then shall our hap - pi - ness, wan - ing, Chill 'neath the shadow and cloud?

D. C. Hail and farewell, dear com - pan - ions, Friends that we know to be true;

FINE.

Th'past with its ro - sy to - mor - rows, Days when our sor - rows were few!
 Shall the high heart nev - er daunt - ed, Low in the ash - es be bowed?

Th'past with its ro - sy to - mor - rows, Days when our sor - rows were few!

Sweet be the lay of the song - bird, Fragrant the flowers on our way,
 Not if Thy words, Divine Mas - ter, Ev - er our in - most thought fill;

Love - ly the dawn of the morn - ing, Hap - py the hours of our day;.....
 Brief is the life Thou hast giv - en, Love is but do - ing Thy will:.....

Crystal the skies bend a - bove us, Perfumed the earth and the air,—
Kind words are eas - i - ly spo - ken, End - less their ech - oes may be;

rit. *lento.*

What can our friends, tho' they love us, Give us than school days more fair!
Kind deeds must ev - er be - tok - en, Hearts that are loy - al to Thee.

SONG OF COLUMBUS DAY.

THERON BROWN.

HAYDN.

1. Co - lum - bia, my land! all hail the glad day When first to thy
2. Dear Coun - try, the star of the val - liant and free! Thy ex - iles a -

strand Hope point - ed the way: Hail him who thro' dark - ness first
- far are dream - ing of thee, No fields of the Earth so en -

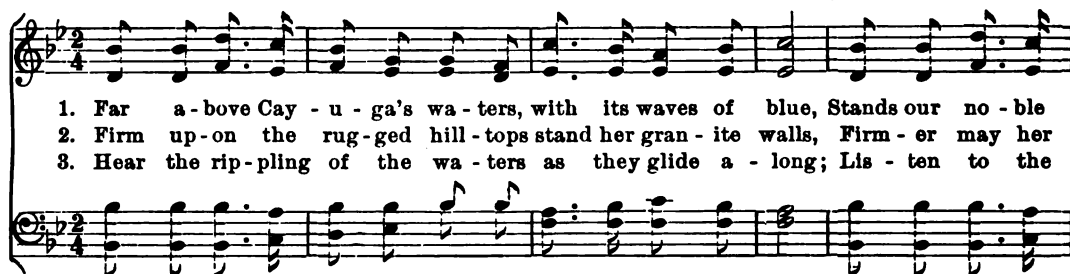
fol - lowed the Flame That led where the May - flow'r of Lib - er - ty came.
- chant - ing - ly shine, No air breathes such in - cense, such mu - sic as thine.

- 3 Thy fairest estate the lowly may hold,
Thy poor may grow great, thy feeble grow bold:
For worth is the watchword to noble degree,
And manhood is mighty where manhood is free.
- 4 O Union of States, and union of souls!
Thy promise awaits, thy future unfolds,
And earth from her twilight is hailing the sun,
That rises where people and rulers are one.

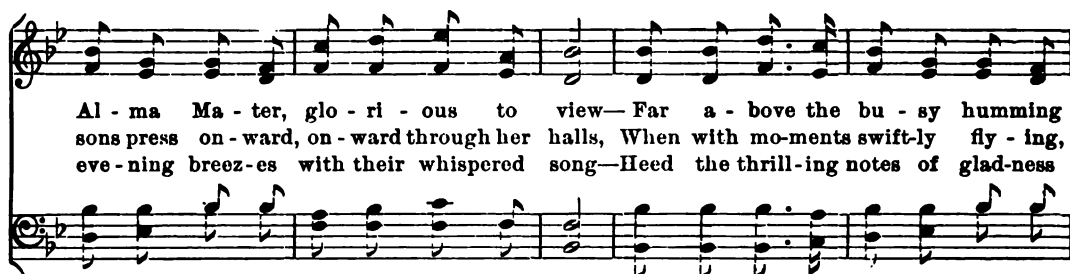
FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS.

AIR—"ANNIE LISLE."

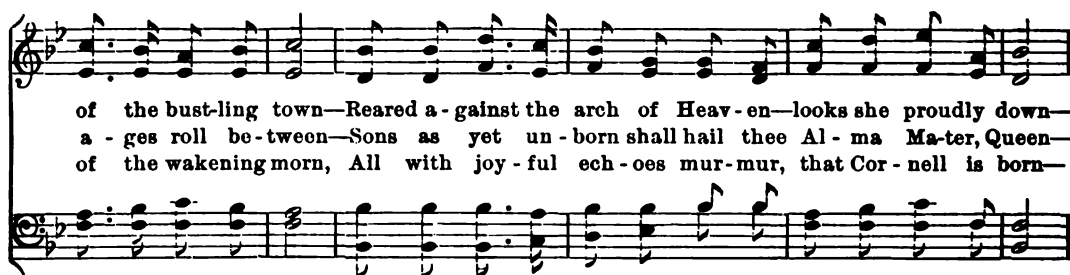
Words by H. S. THOMPSON.



1. Far a - bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, with its waves of blue, Stands our no - ble
 2. Firm up - on the rug - ged hill - tops stand her gran - ite walls, Firm - er may her
 3. Hear the rip - pling of the wa - ters as they glide a - long; Lis - ten to the

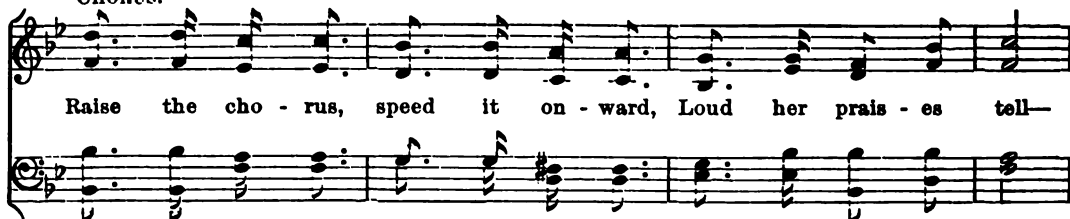


Al - ma Ma - ter, glo - ri - ous to view—Far a - bove the bu - sy humming
 sons press on - ward, on - ward through her halls, When with mo - ments swift - ly fly - ing,
 eve - ning breez - es with their whispered song—Heed the thrill - ing notes of glad - ness



of the bust - ling town—Reared a - gainst the arch of Heav - en—looks she proudly down—
 a - ges roll be - tween—Sons as yet un - born shall hail thee Al - ma Ma - ter, Queen—
 of the wakening morn, All with joy - ful ech - oes mur - mur, that Cor - nell is born—

CHORUS.



Raise the cho - rus, speed it on - ward, Loud her prais - es tell—

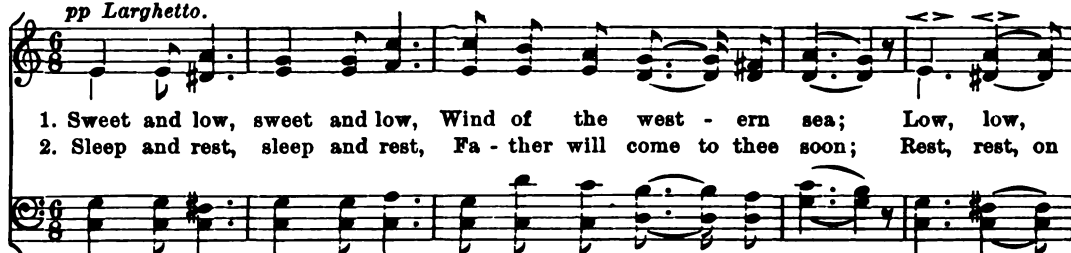


Hail to thee our Al - ma Ma - ter— Hail! all hail! Cor - nell!

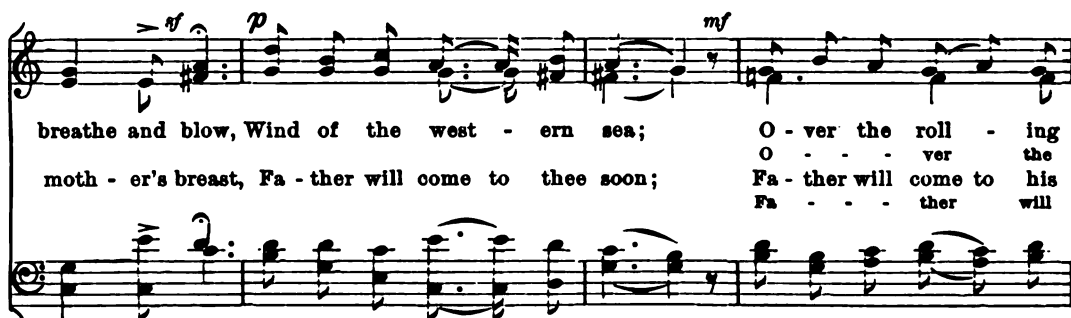
SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

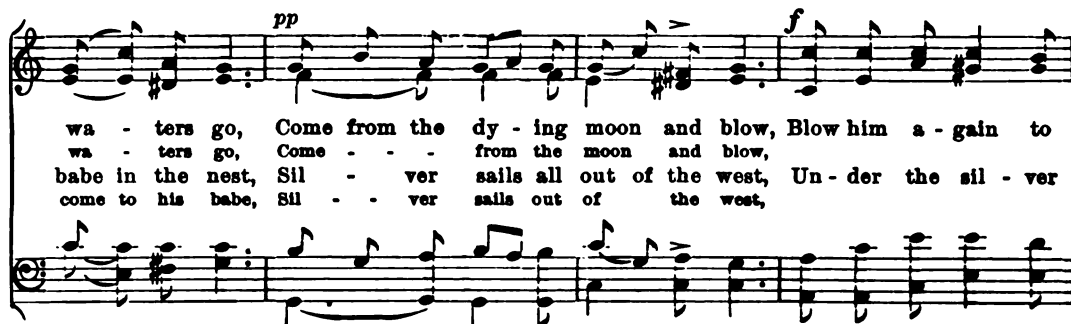
J. BARNBY.

pp Larghetto.


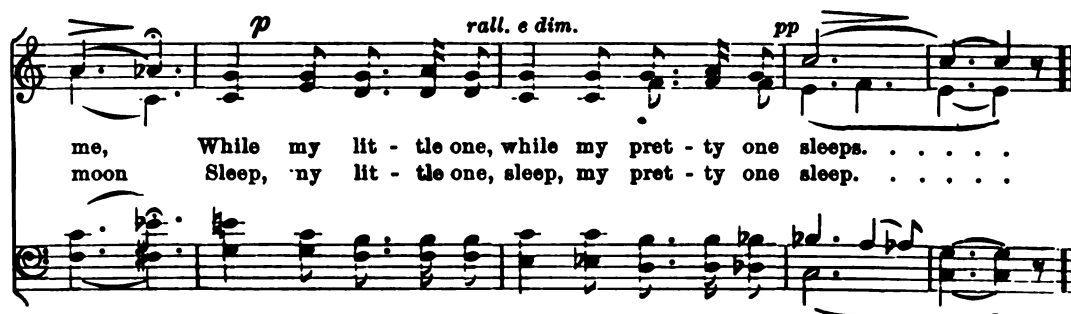
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on



breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; O - - - ver the
 Fa - ther will come to his
 Fa - - - ther will



wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 wa - ters go, Come - - - from the moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
 come to his babe, Sil - - - ver sails out of the west,

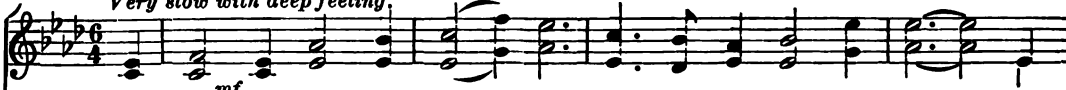


me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one sleep.

THINE EYES SO BLUE.


E. LASSEN.

Very slow with deep feeling

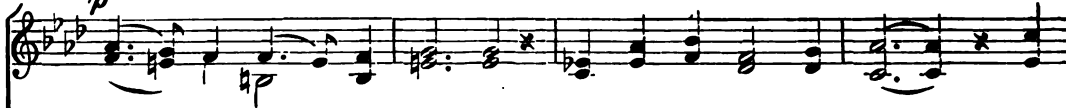


mf


1. Thine eyes so blue and dream - ing, Thou throw'st o'er me a spell; Such
 2. With hair so soft and gold - en, E'en like my dreams of old, Thou'rt
 3. With lips so like red ro - ses Un - der a south - ern sky, Made



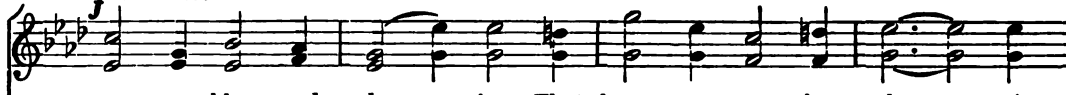
p




dreams and thoughts come to me, Which e'en I dare not tell, With
 wind - ing chains a - round me, Which ne'er will loose their hold, With
 cap - tive by their beau - ty Think'st thou I'd pass them by? With




f animato.




eyes so blue and dream - ing, That haunt me ev - 'ry - where, A
 hair so soft and gold - en, Heart pure and all mine own, Thou'lt
 lips so like red ro - ses, My dar - ling, dost thou know What



rit.



fair blue sea of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care.
 ev - er hold me cap - tive, Ur - to the si - lent tomb.
 poi - son they have brought me, How filled my heart with woe?



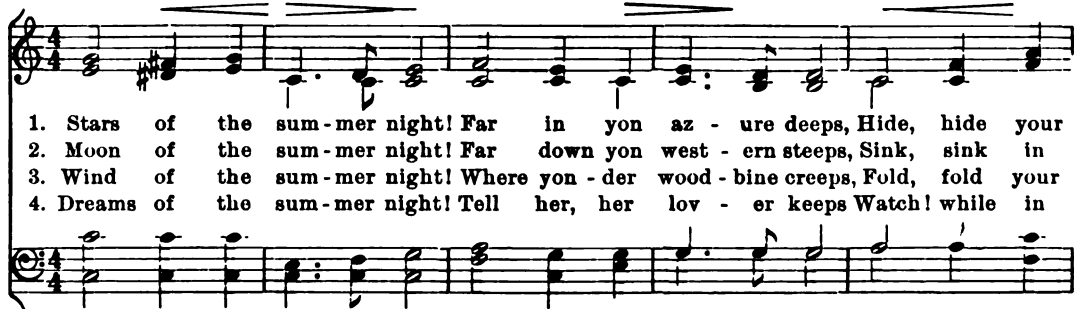
STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

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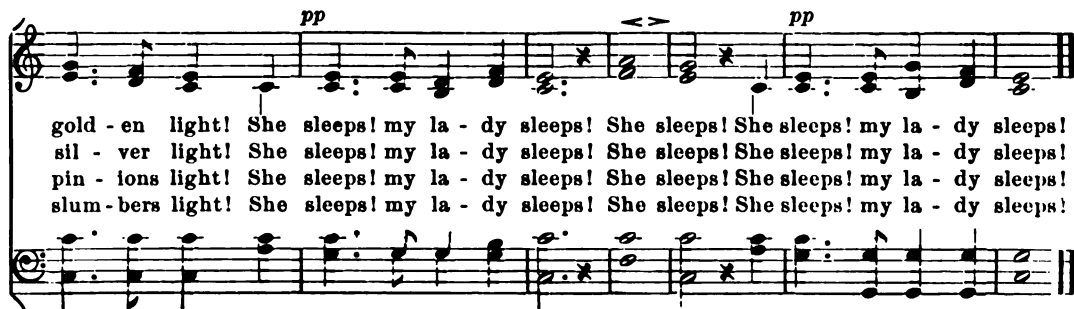
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.



1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the summer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your
4. Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch! while in



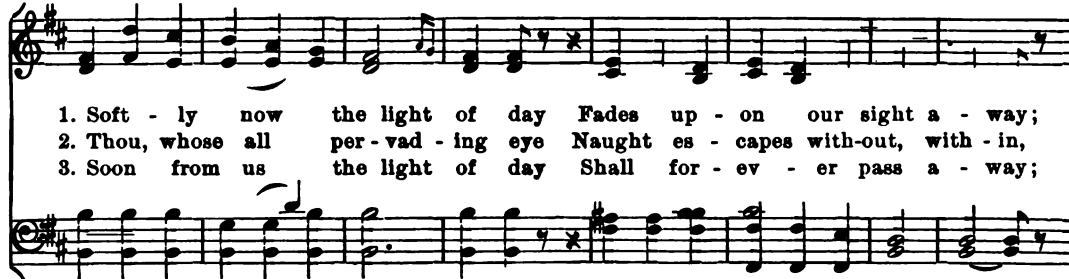
gold-en light! She sleeps! my lady sleeps! She sleeps! She sleeps! my lady sleeps!
sil-ver light! She sleeps! my lady sleeps! She sleeps! She sleeps! my lady sleeps!
pin-ions light! She sleeps! my lady sleeps! She sleeps! She sleeps! my lady sleeps!
slum-bers light! She sleeps! my lady sleeps! She sleeps! She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

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SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. DOANE.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



1. Softly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all pervading eye Naught escapes with-out, with-in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-ever pass a-way;



Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

EMMET'S LULLABY.

Words and Music by JOSEPH K. EMMET.

Moderato.

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling; While I sing your lul - la -
 2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling; Ven you ope your eyes, sun -

by, fear thou no dan - ger, Le - na; Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling,
 beams glow all around you, Le - na; Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling,

colla voce.

For your broo - der watch - es nigh you, Le - na dear. An - gels guard thee,
 Blue and cloud-less be the sky for Le - na dear. Birds sing their bright

rall. colla voce.

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Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet - est mel - o - dy;

Bright - est flow - ers bloom for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. . . .
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. . . .

Slower.
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba-by, my ba-by, my ba-by, Go to sleep, my ba-by,

ba - by, oh, bye, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

ABIDE WITH ME !

(EVENTIDE.)

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bid e with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour,
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

The dark - ness thick - ens, Lord, with me a - bid e;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?


Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid e with me!
 O Thou, Who chang - est not, a - bid e with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid e with me!
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bid e with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTT.

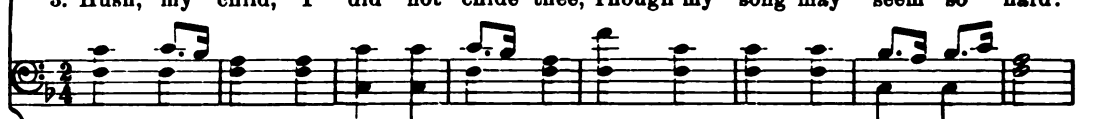

CRADLE HYMN.

139



J. J. ROUSSEAU.





1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.
 2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay:
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard:


Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head,
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed was hay,
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard,

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed, Than the Son of God could be;
 Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How to earth came our great King;
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;

When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.
 How be - came the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me love Him while I sing.
 Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.



INTEGER VITÆ.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

F. F. FLEMMING, 1810.

1. O Ho - ly Sa - viour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me
2. What though the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth - ly friends and hopes re -

lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee;
move; With patient, un - complain - ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me."

4 Though faith and hope are often tried
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied
The soul that clings to Thee.

EVENING PRAYER.

J. EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Saviour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;

Rit.
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'er-take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

141

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

LOWEL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee,, Near - er to Thee, E'en though a cross it be,
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,

D. S. Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, } Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, }

Near - er to Thee

3

4

5

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Used by Arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows, How
2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose
3. De - pen - dent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone, In

sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.
se - cret heart with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNBY.

p

1. Now the day is . . . o - - - ver,
2. Now the dark - - ness gath - - - ers,

Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the
Stars be - gin to peep, Birds and beasts, and

p

ev'n - - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - - MEN.
flow - - ers Soon will be a - sleep.

ev'n - ing steal a - cross the sky.
flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.—AMEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

pp VOICES IN UNISON.

(who)

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom

(be done on earth)

come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven, Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our

(trespasses as we forgive
those who trespass against us and)

debts as we forgive our debtors, And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

IN HARMONY.
crescendo.

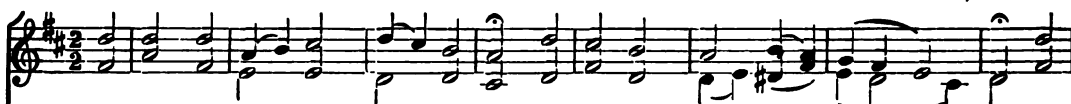
ev - er and ev - er *pp*

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev - er, A-men.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

"EIN FESTE BURG."

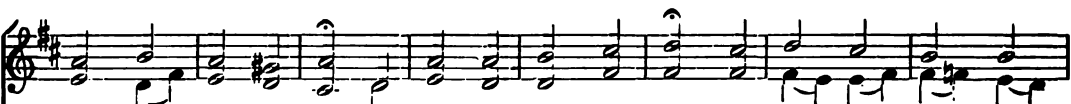
MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.



1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; Our
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing, Were
3. And tho' this world with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do . . . us, We
4. That word a - bove all earthly powers—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth, The



help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vall - ing. For
 not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost
 will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through . . us. The
 spir - it and the gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid - eth. Let



still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe, His craft and power are
 ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He, Lord Sa - ba - oth his
 Prince of Dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him, His rage we can en -
 goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure; One lit - tle word shall fell . . . Him.
 kill, God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

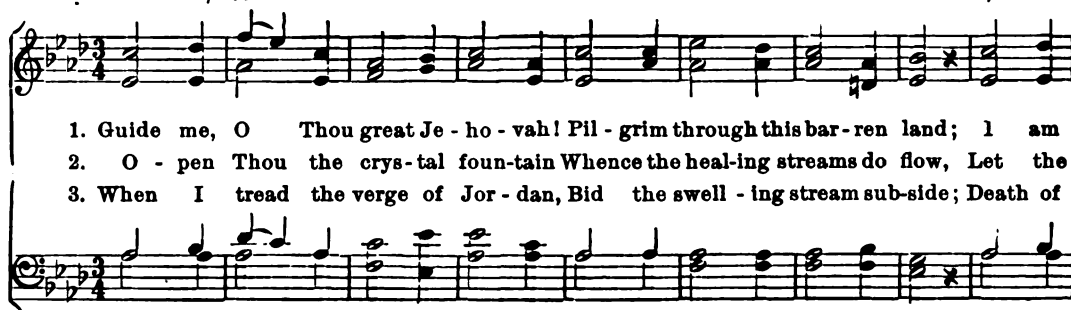


GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

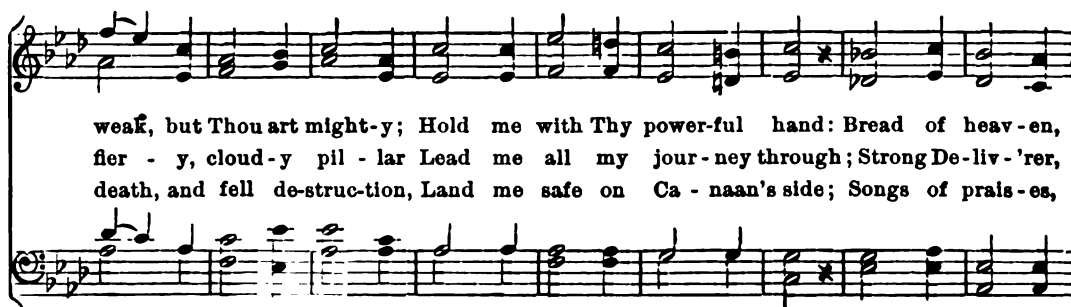
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WM. WILLIAMS, 1774.

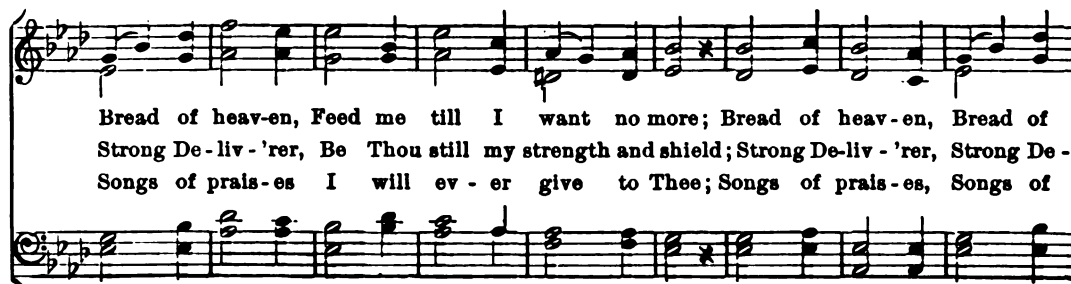
F. F. A. VON FLOTOW, 1858.



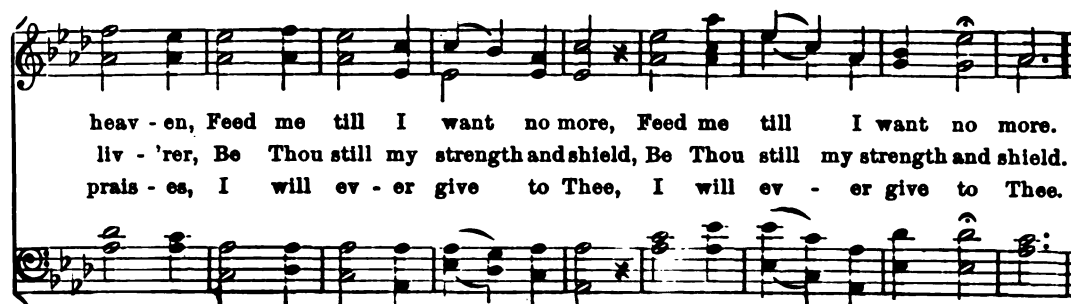
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar-ren land; I am
 2. O - pen Thou the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing streams do flow, Let the
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid the swell - ing stream sub-side; Death of



weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand: Bread of heav-en,
 fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through; Strong De-liv-'rer,
 death, and fell de-struc-tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais-es,



Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Bread of
 Strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong De-liv-'rer, Strong De-
 Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es, Songs of



heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 prais-es, I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

MENDELSSOHN, Arr. from "ST. PAUL."

p Andantino.

But the Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil -

ritard.

dren. But the Lord is mind-ful of His own; The Lord re-mem - bers His

p

chil - dren, re - mem - - - bers His chil - dren. Bow down be-fore Him, ye

cresc. dim. p

migh - ty, for the Lord is near us! Bow down be-fore Him, ye

cresc. f dim. p

migh - ty, for the Lord is near, is near us! yea, the
for the Lord is near us!

Lord is mindful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil - dren. Bow down be -

cresc. ye migh - ty, *f* for the Lord *dim.* is near us.
fore Him, ye migh - ty, ye migh - ty, for the Lord is near, is near us.

p But the Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil - dren.

FATHER OF LOVE.

W. J. IVORS.

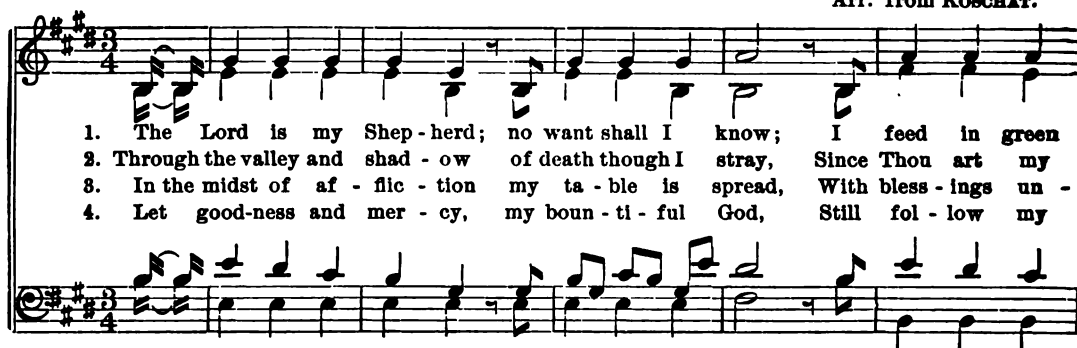
"ST. AGNES."—J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, Oh, lead us gent - ly on,
2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod,
3. And if some dark - er lot be good, O, teach us to en - dure.

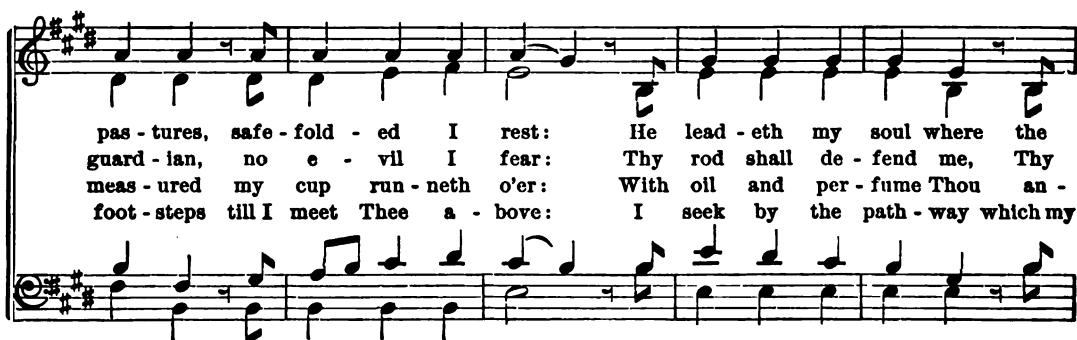
Un - til life's tri - al time shall end, And heav'n - ly rest be won.
But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa - ther and our God.
The sor - row, pain, or sol - i - tude, That makes the spir - it pure.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Arr. from KOSCHAT.



1. The Lord is my Shep-herd; no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Through the valley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread, With bless-ings un-
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest: He lead-eth my soul where the
 guard-ian, no e-vil I fear: Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er: With oil and per-fume Thou an-
 foot-steps till I meet Thee a-bove: I seek by the path-way which my



still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'-ring, re-deems when op-
 staff be my stay, No harm can be-fall me, with my Com-fort-er
 oint-est my head, Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence
 fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of



press'd, Re-stores me when wand'-ring, re-deems when op-press'd.
 near, No harm can be-fall me, with my Com-fort-er near.
 more, Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
 And bright with man - yan an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is so - rene,
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o-di-ous songs of the
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-utes of

- far; For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a
 blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

CHORUS.

dwel-ling place there.
 bless-ing of rest. } In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 hal-low our days. }

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by-and-
 by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-

- by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 - by, by-and-by,

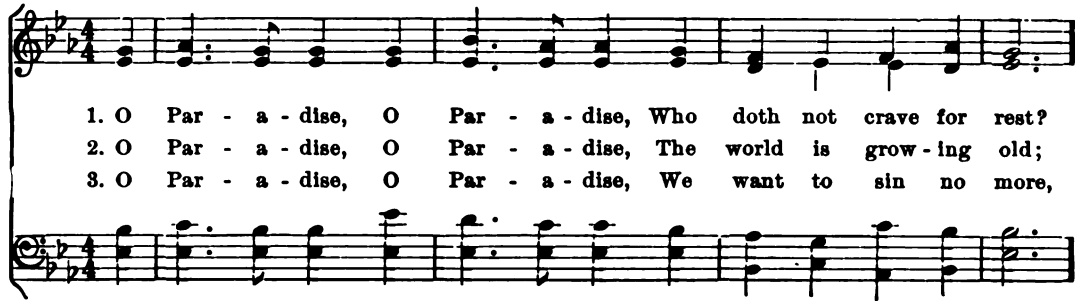
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O PARADISE!

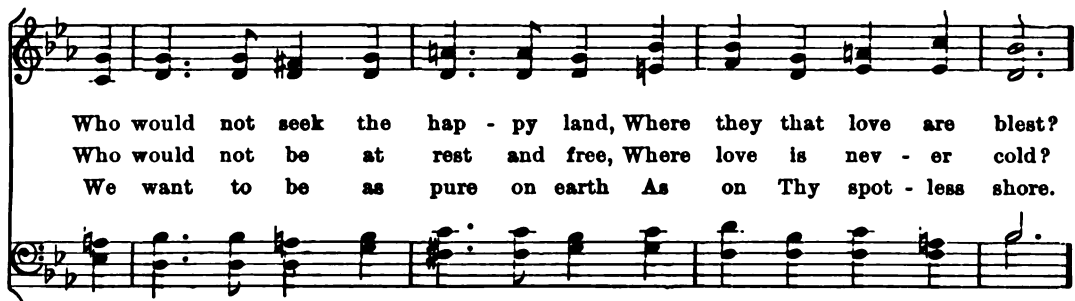
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F. W. FABER.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, We want to sin no more,

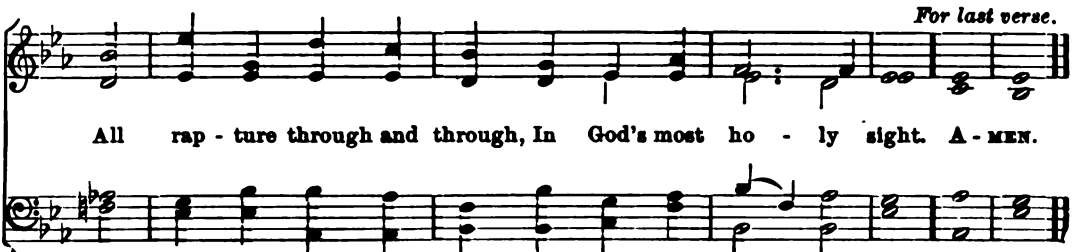


Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that love are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
 We want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore.

CHO.—Where loy - al hearts and true



Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



For last verse.
 All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - MEN.

LIFT THINE EYES.

(THE ANGEL TRIO.)

From the Oratorio "ELIJAH."

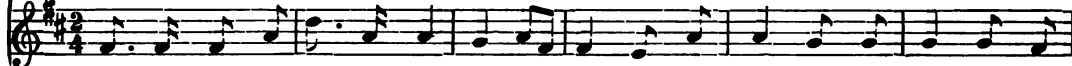
MENDELSSOHN.

1st SOPRANO.

Andante.

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

2nd SOPRANO.

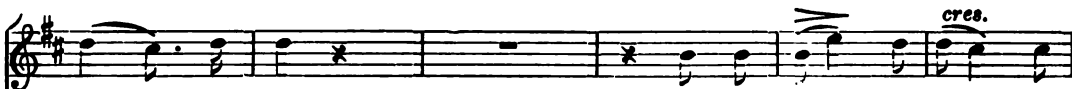


Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

ALTO.



Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

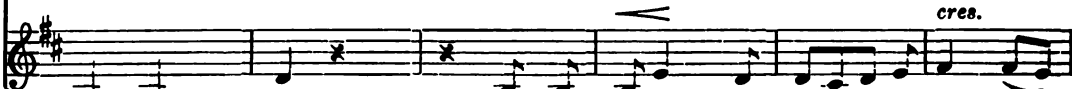


com - eth help.

Thy help com - eth from the



com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the Lord, . . .



com - eth help.

Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the



Lord, the Ma - ker of heav - en and earth, He hath said, thy foot



. . . the Ma - ker of heav - en and earth, He hath said, thy



Ma - - - ker of heav - en and earth, He hath said thy

pp
 . . shall not be mov - ed, Thy Keep - er will nev - er slum - ber,
pp
 foot shall not be mov - ed, Thy Keep - er will nev - er
pp
 foot shall not be mov - ed, Thy Keep - er will nev - er

cres. *f* *dim.*
 nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er slum - - - - ber.
cres. *f*
 slum - ber, nev - er will nev - er slum - - - - ber.
cres. *f* *dim.*
 slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber.

p *f* *p*
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
p *f*
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence

p
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
f
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
p

SEYMOUR.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?



Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

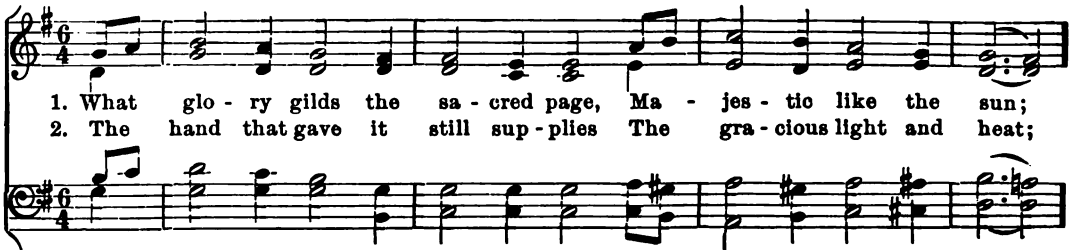
2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now, incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

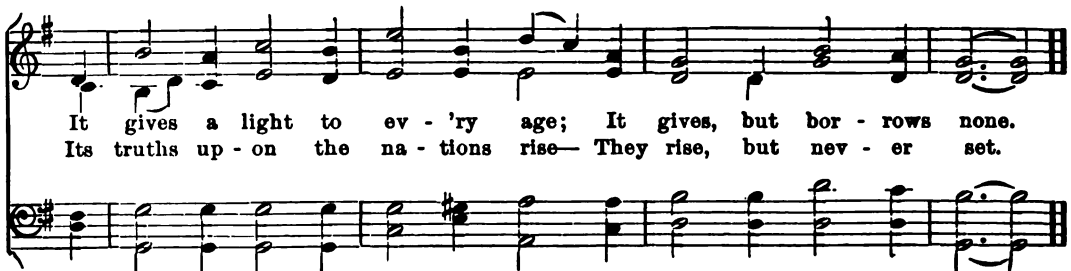
WHAT GLORY GILDS THE SACRED PAGE.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

"MANOAH."



1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun;
2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat;



It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.
Its truths up - on the na - tions rise— They rise, but nev - er set.

3 Let ever-lasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

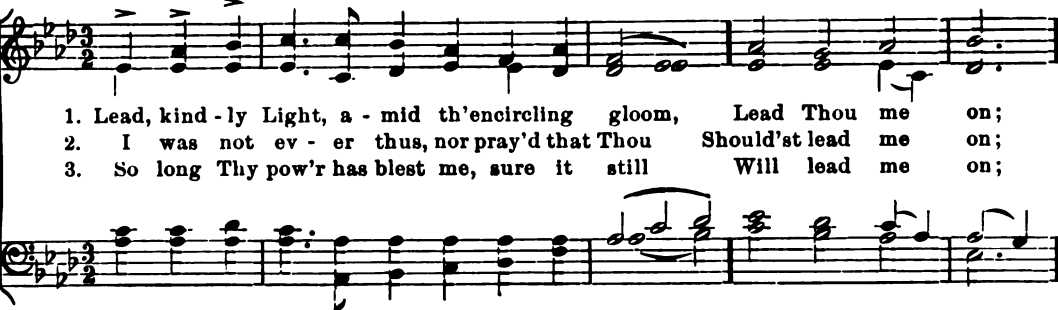
4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

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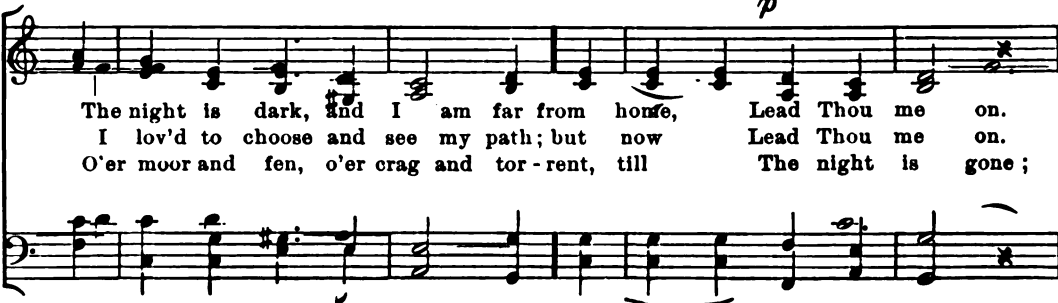
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

p

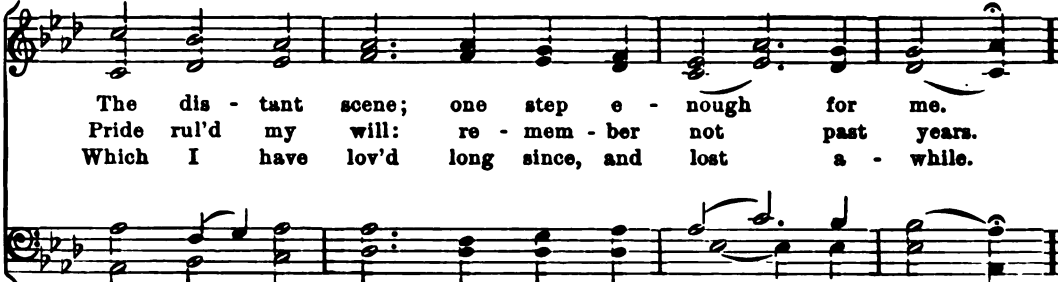


The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
 I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone;

cres.



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I lov'd the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
 And with 'the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING-GOULD.

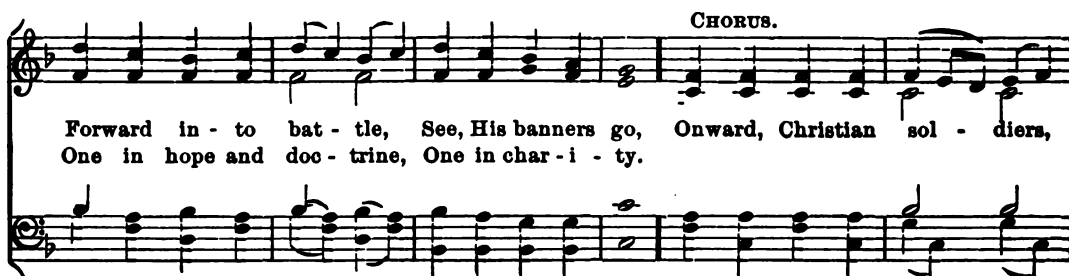
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing

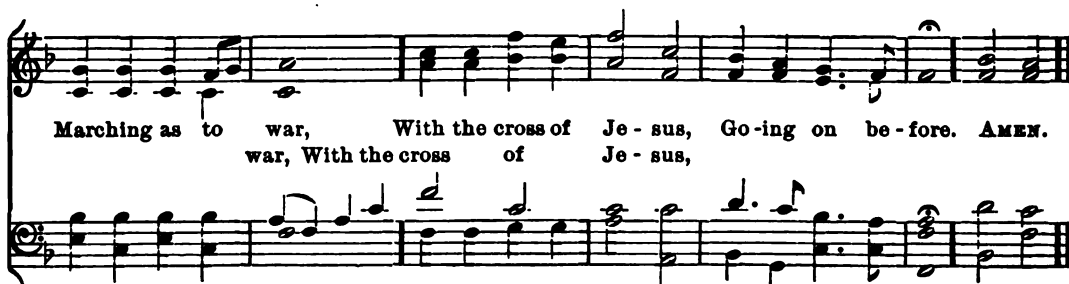


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,



CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go, Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. AMEN.
war, With the cross of Je - sus,

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

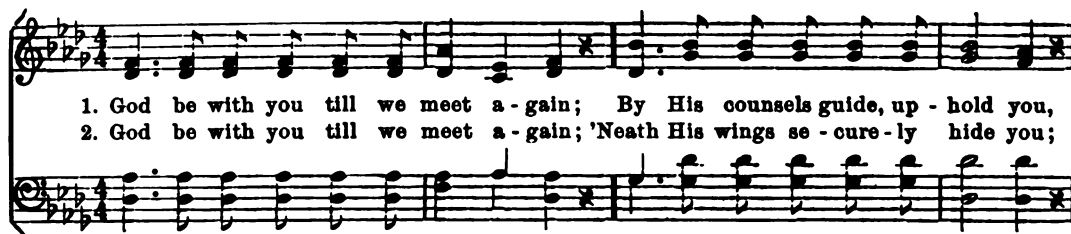
4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

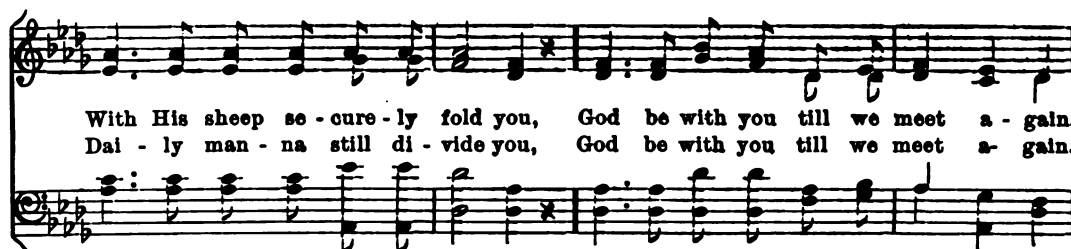
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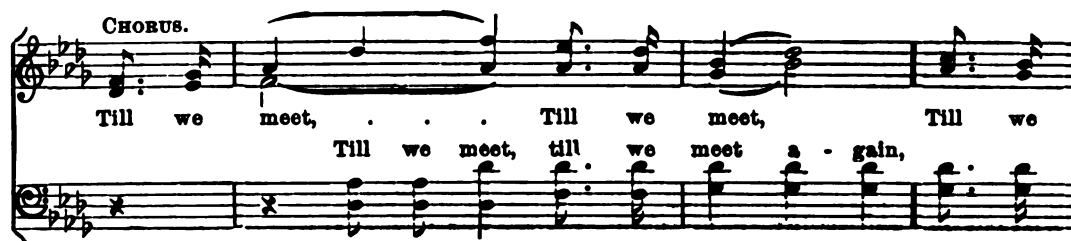
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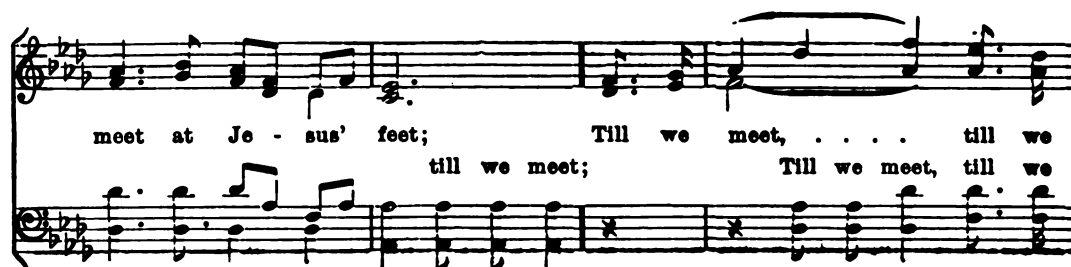
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly hide you;




With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . . Till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . till we
till we meet; Till we meet, till we



meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet a - gain,

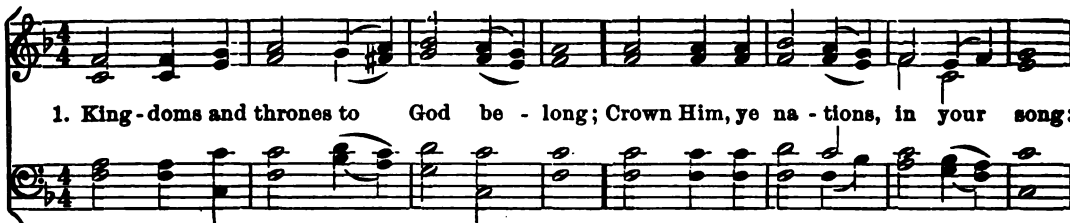
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

By permission.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. King - doms and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song:



His wondrous names and powers re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

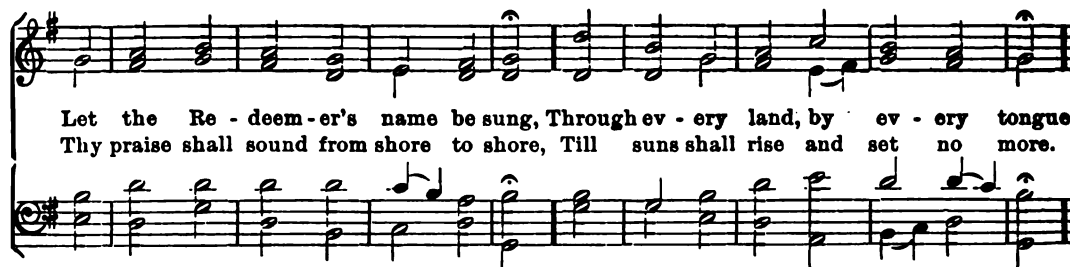
OLD HUNDRED.

ISAAC WATTS.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;



Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Doxology.

3 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

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